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Coronet

YOUR GLANDS AND YOUR PERSONALITY

HUMPHREY BOGART TELLS THE TRUTH ABOUT HEPBURN

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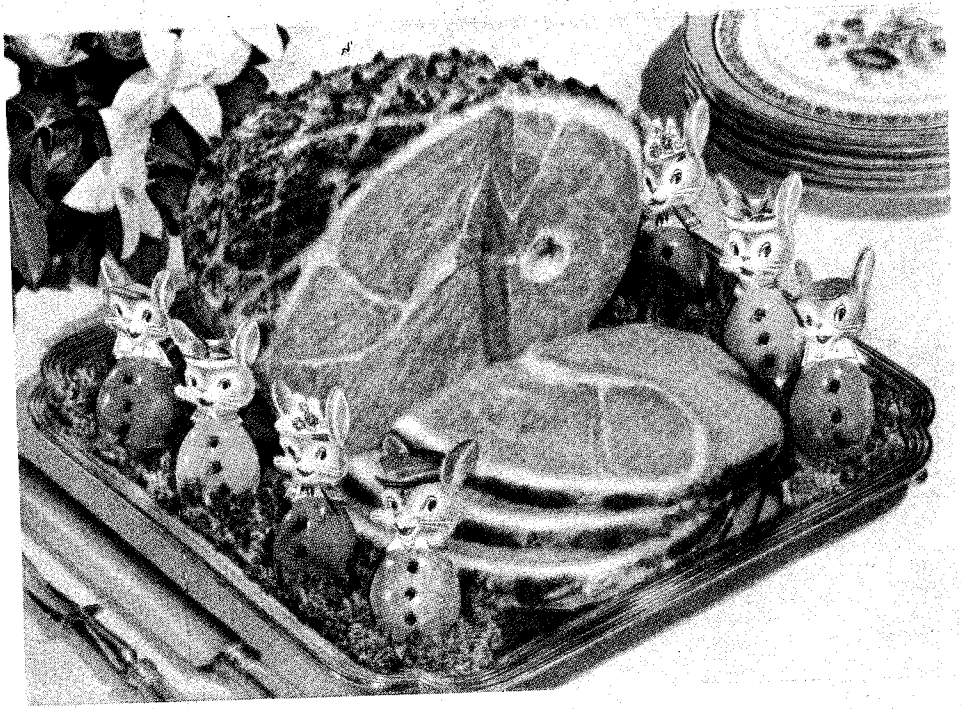
Something Special for Easter...

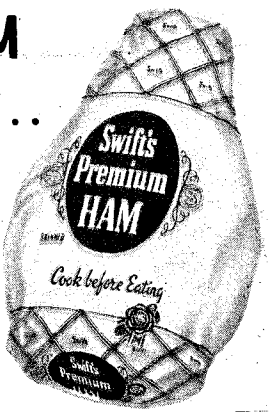


SWIFT'S PREMIUM HAM

...and FREE at your dealer's...
these gay Platter Bunnies

Just stick these bunny faces in tinted hard-cooked eggs... such an easy way to decorate your Easter ham! And order Swift's Premium... that's the easy way to be sure the ham is tender, juicy, truly delicious.

America's Favorite Ham...



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How we retired with $250 a month

HERE we are, living in California. We've a little house just a few minutes from the beach. For, you see, I've retired with $250 a month as long as we live.

But if it *weren't* for that $250, we'd still be living in Forest Hills and I'd still be working. Strangely, it's thanks to something that happened, by chance, in 1926. It was August 17, my fortieth birthday.

To celebrate, Peg and I were going out to a show. While she dressed, I picked up a magazine and leafed through it. Somehow my eyes rested on an ad. It said, "You don't have to be rich to retire."

We'd certainly never be rich. We spent money as fast as it came in. And here I was forty already. Half my working years were gone. Someday I might not be able to work so hard. What then?

This ad told of a way that a man of 40 could get a guaranteed income of $250 a month starting at 60. It was called the Phoenix Mutual Retirement Income Plan. The ad offered more information. *No harm in looking into it,* I said. When Peg came down, I was tearing a corner off the page. I mailed it on our way out to the theatre.

Twenty years slide by fast. The crash... the depression . . . the war. I couldn't foresee them. But my Phoenix Mutual Plan was one thing I was always glad about!

1946 came . . . I got my first Phoenix Mutual check—and *retired.* We sold the house and drove west. We're living a new kind of life out here—with $250 a month that will keep coming as long as we live.

Send for Free Booklet. This story is typical. Assuming you qualify at a young enough age, you can plan to have an income of $10 to $250 a month or more—beginning at age 55, 60, 65 or older. Send the coupon and receive, by mail, a free booklet which tells about Phoenix Mutual Plans. Similar plans are available for women—and for employee pension programs. Don't delay. Don't put it off. Send for your copy now.

ESTABLISHED 1851

PHOENIX MUTUAL

Retirement Income Plan

GUARANTEES YOUR FUTURE

PLAN FOR MEN **PLAN FOR WOMEN**

Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Co.
892 Elm Street, Hartford, Conn.

Please send me, without cost or obligation, the booklet checked below, describing retirement income plans.

Plan for Men ☐ Plan for Women ☐

Name_____

Date of Birth_____

Business Address_____

Home Address_____

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100% SAFE—EASIEST TO CASH

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EXPRESS YOUR PREFERENCE FOR THE BEST!

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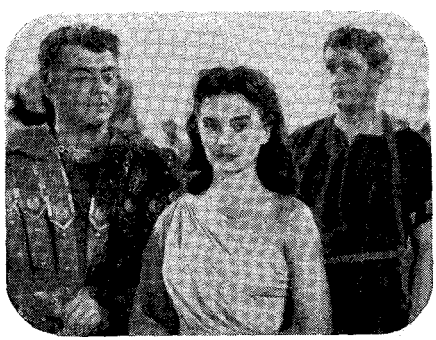
Coronet *Recommends . . .*

HIGH NOON

EVER SINCE Marshal Will Kane sent terrorist Frank Miller to prison, little Hadleyville has known peace. Then word comes that Miller has been pardoned and will join his gang in Hadleyville at noon. His objective: revenge. Kane's former allies desert him and, by noon, he waits to face the outlaws' guns alone. A fine United Artists' production and a gripping performance by Gary Cooper combine to make this a top-notch Western.



ANDROCLES AND THE LION

FROM ONE OF George Bernard Shaw's most delightful comedies, Gabriel Pascal has fashioned a masterful and satiric film. Set in ancient Rome, the story traces the conflicting paths of Christians, emperors, and patricians—all of whose lives are radically altered when a lovable little Greek tailor befriends a lion. Jean Simmons, Victor Mature, Robert Newton, Maurice Evans, and Alan Young head R-K-O's magnificent cast.

SINGIN' IN THE RAIN

TUNEFUL AND GAY, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's newest Technicolor musical comedy stars their ace song-and-dance man, Gene Kelly, and irrepressible Donald O'Connor. Theirs is an inspired combination, one you'll undoubtedly be seeing again and again. This time, they're spoofing the foibles and follies of movie-making in the first days of sound. The comedy is keen, the music sweet-sounding, and the dances truly spectacular.

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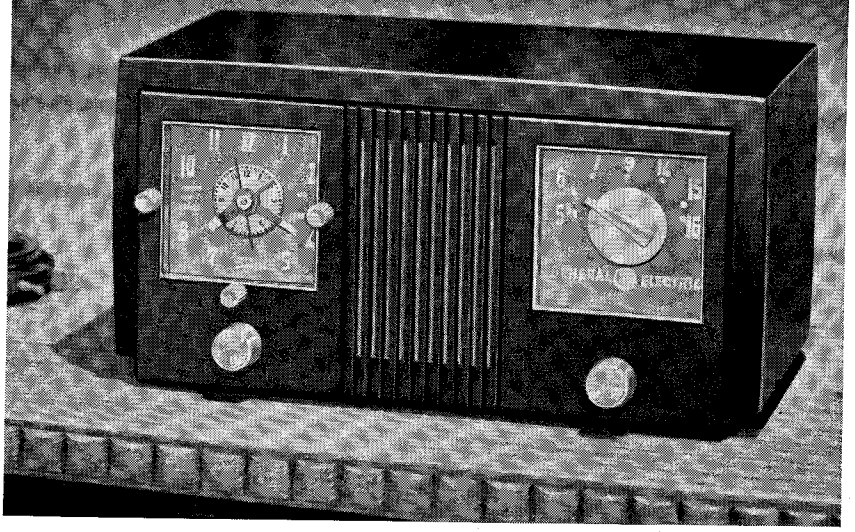
10 times more sensitive —

BRINGS IN HARD-TO-GET STATIONS!



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MOST POWERFUL OF THEM ALL—10 times more sensitive than ordinary clock-radios. And how useful! Turns itself off after you go to sleep... wakes you to sweet music without resetting... automatically turns appliances on or off. Rich cordovan plastic cabinet.

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Madame Menu

THIS LOVELY LADY has a rather awesome title: in Army terminology, she is the Chief of the Menu Planning Branch of the Food Services Division of the Quartermaster Corps. In plain English, she is Mrs. Helen Cacheris who, at 27, is responsible for the master menus that guide mess sergeants the world over in planning the meals of America's GIs.

Mrs. Cacheris, a nutrition expert who believes in finding out for herself, taste-tests all foods submitted for consideration in the Army's diet. Her 12 monthly master menus emphasize GI preferences: milk, corn on the cob, fried eggs, cantaloupe, spaghetti and meat balls.

Is Mrs. Cacheris a good cook? Ask her husband: he has gained 20 pounds since their marriage almost five years ago.

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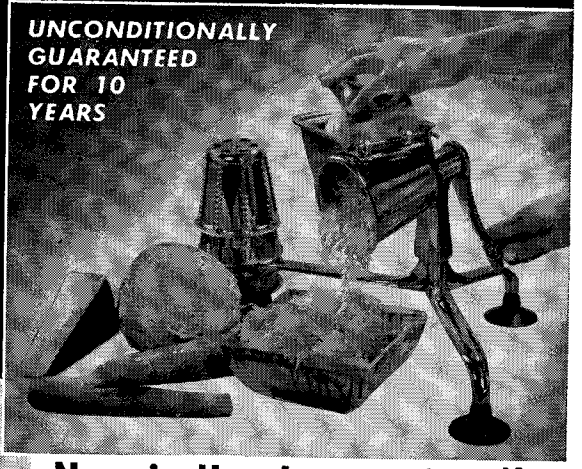
Saladmaster

PERFORMS MIRACLES WITH FOODS!

FRENCH FRIES
CHOPS
PEELS
WAFFLES
SLICES
CRUMBS
SHREDS
STRINGS
GRATES



Makes perfect Onion Rings. Also chopped onion for hamburgers, meat loaf, or salads.

Tossed Salad for 8 in 60 seconds! Every bite perfectly cut.

Makes wonderful Waffle Potatoes! No peeling — just wash, cut, and fry! Also delicious French Fries!

Now in Use *Internationally*

NOT SOLD IN STORES

The gift supreme—to yourself—to others. You've seen it on television. You've read about its marvels in magazines. Truly the wonder machine. Prepares food 200 ways . . . luscious salads—cuts paper-thin potato chips—shoestrings and french fries—shreds cocoanut—peels celery and apples. Prepares baby foods—health foods—juices. Blades of rust-proof, stainless, 20-gauge, cold-rolled, solid steel. Completely chrome-plated. Looks like jewel. Easy to clean. Does any job in a jiffy. Complete with five cutting cones, recipes and instructions. **Only $29.95** in continental United States . . . higher in Hawaii, Canada, and Mexico. Postage paid if check sent with order. Don't confuse Saladmaster with any other product. Hundreds of thousands now in use all over the world. **Send your order today.**

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We have a few openings for Regional Managers, District Managers, and for 200 Area Supervisors. These are REAL OPPORTUNITIES for ambitious men—WHO WANT TO MAKE BIG MONEY! If you have experience as a Field Dealer, Area Supervisor, or District Manager in Cookware, Silver, or Vacuum Cleaners, WRITE A LETTER ABOUT YOURSELF. See our advertisements in APRIL issues of Specialty Salesman and Opportunity magazines on newsstands now.

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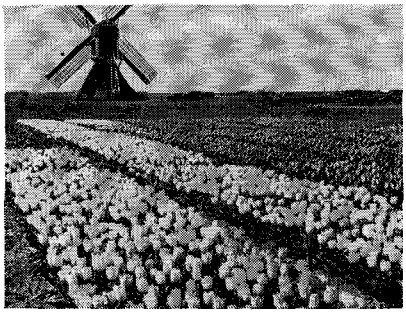
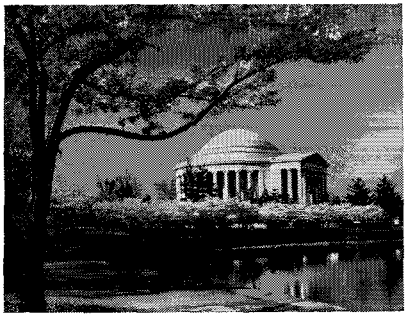
Going Away in April?

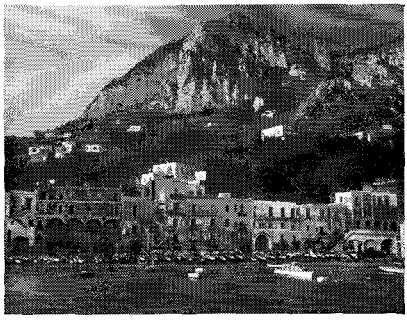


Netherlands: This is the time of year when all Holland erupts in a blaze of color. Giant windmills stand guard over endless fields of graceful tulips—the reds, yellows, and violets blending in a magnificent rainbow. Hollanders are intensely proud of their picturesque land, and almost any one of them will take time to show you why.



Washington: The cherry blossoms are radiant in the Capital, giving warmth and beauty to a city rich in historical tradition. This is the heart of our land, where a nation has built shrines to the memory of past leaders. And here—in Congressional galleries—you can be an eyewitness as leaders of today cope with the problems of 1952.

Jamaica: In 1494, Columbus called it the most beautiful island in the world. Buccaneers of old made it their headquarters, and one look will tell you why. A tropical paradise in the heart of the Caribbean, Jamaica is a land of perpetual sunshine. You can swim, fish, sail and, for real adventure, go rafting down swift, hidden inland waterways.



Capri: No one can be quite prepared for the startling loveliness of this Isle of Romance. You see its rocky walls reach out of the opalescent Gulf of Naples. You are intrigued by a thousand mysterious bays and inlets, all closed in by dark, magical woodland. And, when you leave, a small part of you remains forever on Capri.

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Husband's New Love!

Points Way to Many Delicious LOW-COST Meals

HE FELL IN LOVE with a delicious dinner his wife served. "Mm-m-m," he exclaimed! And then she knew she'd always serve *more* meals made with delicious River Brand Rice.

There's nothing like fluffy, tender, nutritious River Brand Rice to help turn meals into culinary triumphs . . . stretch costly meats . . . work wonders with leftovers.

A little rice gives a lot in quantity and nutrition. Each of these famous brands cooks to 4 times its package weight . . . makes 16 generous servings per pound at about a penny a serving!

The wonderful extra long grain rice you've been hearing about.

TO COOK RICE RIGHT! AND QUICK!

1 cup RIVER BRAND or CAROLINA BRAND RICE, 1 tsp. salt, 1½ cups cold water. Wash thoroughly and place in 3 qt. pot with tight-fitting cover. Place over moderate heat and bring to vigorous boil. When steam and foam begin to escape, turn heat low as possible and cook rice until tender—about 20 minutes. All water should be absorbed. Keep in warm place until ready to serve. Makes 5 to 6 servings.

This tested recipe and 6 others on every package of River Brand and Carolina Brand Rice . . . products of . . .

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New York, N. Y. • Houston, Texas • Memphis, Tenn. • El Campo, Texas • Eunice, La. • Jonesboro, Ark.

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Spring Returns

Spring comes laughing down the valley
All in white, from the snow
Where the winter's armies rally
Loth to go.

Beauty white her garments shower
On the world where they pass—
Hawthorn hedges, trees in flower,
Daisies in the grass.

—From *New Life*, by Amelia Josephine Burr

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Tampax fully explained

in a few words:

"The purpose of Tampax is to give women generally more comfort, convenience and freedom during that period each month when sanitary protection is needed."

"Tampax was perfected by a physician who used the principle of *internal* absorption long known to the medical profession."

"Tampax is made of pure surgical cotton contained in patented throw-away applicators for easy insertion. Your hands need not touch the Tampax."

"Tampax is many, many times smaller than the external forms of protection. Furthermore, it requires no belts, pins or other supporting devices."

"No odor with Tampax. And it cannot create bulges, ridges or edgelines which otherwise might "show" through snugly fitted suits or dresses."

"Tampax cannot be felt by the woman or girl while wearing it. And you need not remove it while tubbing, showering or swimming."

"Buy Tampax at drug and notion counters in 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. A month's supply will go right into your purse. Economy box will last four months (average).... Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass."

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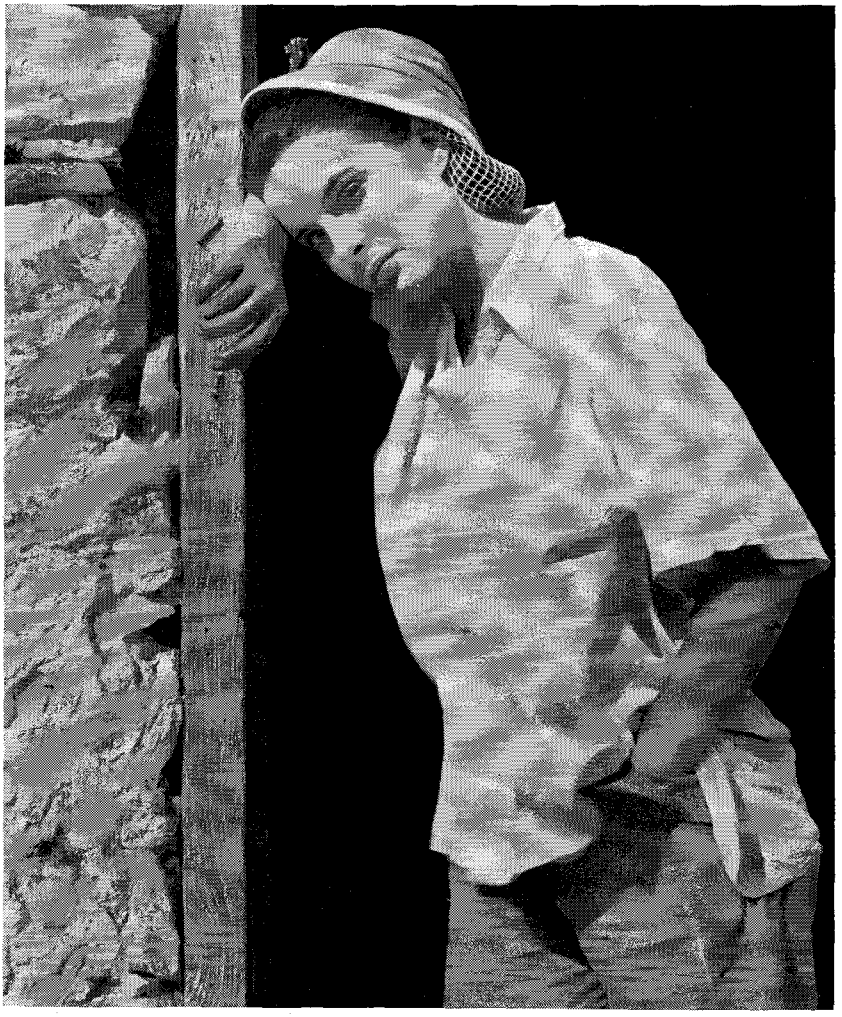

New Star Over Hollywood

IN THESE PICTURES, Jean Peters, who started as Miss Ohio State in 1945 and wound up as one of Hollywood's "hottest" properties, reveals the allure that helped her make the jump. Here is the mobile loveliness that has triumphed in comedy, period romance, and melodrama—and the end is not in sight.

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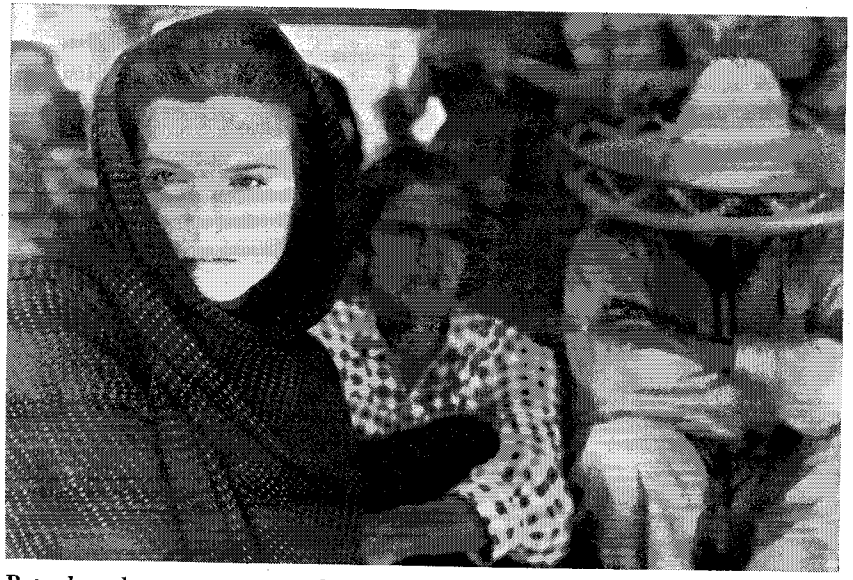
With hardly any make-up, she plays a Mexican in 20th Century's *Viva Zapata.*

Between "takes," she strolls, still as bright and gay as an Ohio State coed.



But when the cameras start rolling, her entire personality changes. She seems as real as the crowds of Mexicans cast in the picture with her. She is not acting; she *is.*

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The Littlest Choir

WARM AND CLEAR, the tiny voices of singing children fill Brooklyn's St. Mark's Methodist Church with melody. In the choir loft, scrubbed and serious-eyed youngsters, their hands clasped, their faces turned skyward, sing the hymns they have practiced diligently for weeks and weeks.

This is the Cherub Choir, one of the youngest such groups in the country. The children, all ranging in age from two to five years, practice every Wednesday afternoon. Their sessions last as long as their director, Mrs. Cecile Jacobson, can hold the attention of the littlest carolers—sometimes an hour, sometimes only ten minutes at a time. When the fidgeting begins, the practice ends, and the children are diverted with games, arts, and crafts.

All sessions wind up with milk and crackers, a fitting reward for Brooklyn's Cherub Choir.

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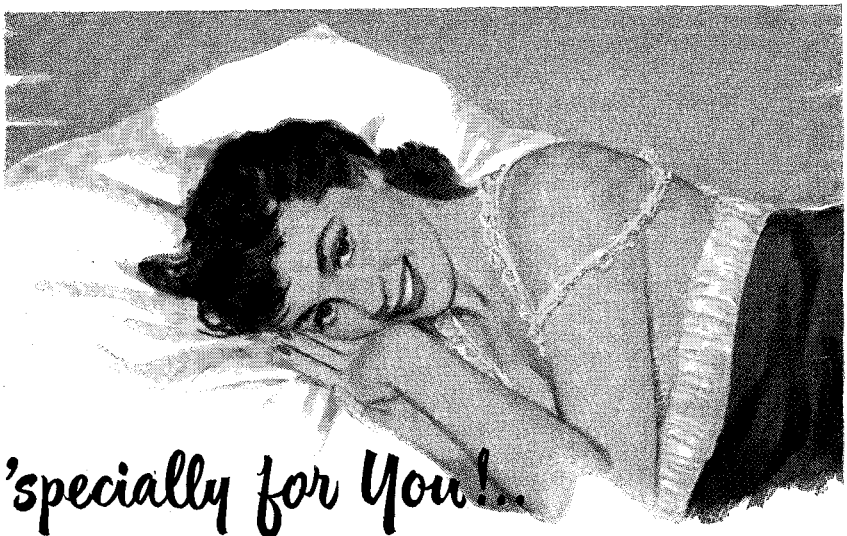

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Whether you sleep alone or two-in-a-bed, whether you're tall, short, stout or thin, Spring-Air provides *individual* sleep comfort through a range of mattress models of different support-values and sizes to properly "fit" each and every person. Now you can buy a mattress with the same confidence that you purchase shoes for comfort or eye-glasses for better vision. Now you can get the very model that fits your own weight and build...your assurance of more rest from every sleeping hour!

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See your Spring-Air dealer, or write direct. Tells how to select the mattresses and box springs best suited to *you and your family*... how Spring-Air's exclusive *zoned-comfort* innerspring construction provides better sleep through gentle surface comfort and proper body support. Address Department 424.

Spring Air MATTRESSES

USED IN OVER 4000 FINE HOTELS, MOTELS, HOSPITALS... OVER 2,000,000 HOMES

BE RIGHT...REST RIGHT...WAKE UP FRESH AS SPRING AIR

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Coronet Vol. 31, No. 6. April, 1952
The Best in Entertaining and Constructive Family Reading

What Our Country Needs of Us

by H. A. BATTEN

The author of this article is chairman of the board of N. W. Ayer and Son, Inc., Philadelphia, one of the large advertising agencies in the country. As a man who has had long experience in dealing with public trends and feelings, he has now turned his hand to writing this editorial, in which he prescribes a cure for a social evil that has cast its shadow over millions of American citizens.

WHAT HAS BEEN happening to our moral standards in the U.S.? Well, we've been listening for years to people who have argued that all our most cherished beliefs are frauds. We've been told that religion is a sham, and that nobody need fear punishment in hell or hope for reward in heaven. We've been told that patriotism is a vice, and that most of the great men in our history were really scoundrels.

We've been told that hard work benefits nobody but the boss we happen to be working for, and that thrift is ridiculous because the government will take care of everybody. We've been told that if you are successful in business you cannot possibly be respectable and honest.

Then, having ripped up all the virtues, these same critics of our society have been trying to prove that dishonesty is not really dishonest. They claim that a criminal shouldn't be blamed for his crime, because it is really the fault of his parents or environment. They claim that a person deserves a lot of sympathy when caught cheating or stealing or taking a bribe, because everybody else is doing it too and getting away with it.

A shocking number of people have fallen for these arguments. Right there is the terrible danger in our situation. We can handle crime itself, as long as we recognize it as crime. The danger comes when we try to excuse crime or pretend it isn't crime. If and when a majority of our people decide that anything

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goes as long as they can get away with it, we will be through as a nation and as a society.

Isn't it about time we stopped and asked ourselves if it is really true that dishonesty isn't dishonest?

Let's start with the claim that a criminal shouldn't be blamed for his crime, because it's really the fault of his parents or environment. All right, let's admit that sometimes parents do a bad job of raising children, and environment can often be improved. But let's remember that the same environment that produces a criminal can produce leaders in religion, science, the arts, professions, and business.

There have always been lawbreakers and probably always will be. Give them the best of environments and they will still go wrong, and in the end they will take refuge in the final bleat of the misfit, "I didn't ask to be born."

Now let's take up the claim that cheaters and thieves and bribetakers deserve sympathy because everybody's doing the same thing. It simply isn't true. Count up the people you know and see how many you would trust as compared to the few you would distrust. Or take an incident which came out of a recent national scandal.

A spokesman for the Cadet Corps at West Point said that if the cheaters were pardoned, the rest of the Corps would resign in protest. That was a heartening statement because it makes you realize that the huge majority of cadets still believe in West Point's motto of Duty, Honor, Country.

So there's still a lot of hope for us. We aren't nearly as badly off as the apologists for crime like to claim. We can't afford, however, to indulge in a burst of pious complaint over all our recent and current scandals and then forget about them. It's time we took some direct action, in addition to refusing to buy the argument that dishonesty isn't really dishonest.

ONE TYPE of direct action that will *not* work is passing more laws. Passing laws has become our favorite answer to almost any national problem, but it will not solve this one. There are plenty of laws on the books to curb dishonesty. All we need to do is demand that they be enforced properly against those who refuse to live up to them.

This is probably the point at which an advertising man like myself is expected to recommend a huge advertising and public-relations campaign to sell the advantages of honesty and integrity to the people of his country. It would be nice if the problem could be handled in such a neat, business-like way: so many millions of dollars spent on advertising and public relations to produce such-and-such a percentage rise in the moral standard of the nation as a whole.

But we're not going to be able to spend our way out of this trouble. Each one of us will have to wrestle with the problem personally. It must be a matter of each person examining his own moral standards and asking himself honestly, "Am I cheating? Am I being dishonest and pretending that I'm not?" Once we have decided for ourselves what is right and what is wrong, we can pick the right standards and live up to them.

Can we really do this for our-

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selves? Is it asking too much courage and brains and independence?

The men and women who built this country faced problems worse than this and solved them. Time after time, in the westward march across the country, men and women found themselves in communities where the only laws recognized were those of the gun and knife, the boot and fist. And each time, decent people had the courage and brains and independence to establish a moral code and make the community a fit place for living.

Is this impractical? Is this fuzzy idealism? The whole history of mankind proves that honor and integrity bring rewards not only in happiness and personal satisfaction but also in material returns.

Honor and integrity are not mere words thought up by dreamers. They are rules of conduct that men have developed out of painful experience in order to live together successfully.

These rules have been forgotten among some of the nations of the world, and where they have been forgotten the Slave State casts its ugly shadow over men's lives. That could happen here. But it need not. We have all the courage and vision and plain common sense required to clean out the rot and decay eating into our moral standards. And once we have cleaned it out, we will be much nearer solving the problems facing us abroad.

We need strong armed forces for our national security. We need secret weapons. But even more powerful than armies and secret weapons is the force of ideas.

Honor and integrity are ideas that can pierce any Iron Curtain and invade the minds of men. And unlike other invaders, they will be welcomed.

So while we work in laboratories to learn new ways to destroy men of evil, we would do well to look within our hearts to discover the old ways to create good—and to make all men brothers.

Constant Reminder

THE PERSONNEL DIRECTOR of a large business concern—who also fancied himself as something of a psychologist—liked to conclude job interviews with an association test.

"I'm going to pick up this handkerchief by the middle—so," he told three prospective stenographers one day. "Hold it out at arm's length—so. And release it. Now, quick—what does it remind you of as it floats to the floor?"

"A parachute," said the first girl promptly.

"Good," he nodded. "And you?"

"An umbrella," said the second.

"Splendid. And you?"

"Sex," said the third girl.

"Sex?" he exclaimed. "My dear young lady, will you tell me why it reminds you of sex?"

"Everything," she replied dreamily, "reminds me of sex."

—MARY SHARPE

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Don't Push Children Toward Success!

by AMY SELWYN

Here is an important warning for well-intentioned but overambitious parents

EVERY PARENT wants his child to grow up to be a success. Many hopefully anticipate the day their youngster will be a brilliant surgeon, or industrial engineer, or head of a flourishing business, or political leader. To the rest, it makes no difference what profession their youngster follows, so long as it brings him prosperity and prestige.

If you are like most parents, you are not content just to sit back and daydream of your child's success. You want to do everything possible to improve his chances of attaining it. Before you try further, however, there is a vital fact you should know: from a certain point on, the harder you strive to insure a fortunate future for your child, the poorer are his chances of achieving it.

Recently, a 22-year-old youth sobbed a pathetic tale to an interviewer at a Philadelphia employment agency. "During the past two years," he said morosely, "I have held eight jobs and been fired from all. The longest I have held any job is four months. I'm desperate for money now, but I don't dare ask my family for help.

"Ever since I was a child, my parents have drummed it into me that I'd be a big success when I grew up. I have been so scared of disappointing them that I make a mess of everything I do."

At a college in California, the brightest boy in the freshman class failed three of four courses. His parents begged the dean to let him make up the work over the summer. But the youth insisted he was glad to flunk out.

"When I was in kindergarten," he told the dean, "my parents began pushing me to go out and prove I was smarter than other boys. Through the years they have kept reminding me that they expected great accomplishments of me. I'm so sick and tired of the word 'success' that I don't care if I never accomplish anything!"

Such examples are all too common. As Dr. Nina Ridenour, educational director of the National Association for Mental Health, points out: "Probably far more problems are created by parents out of their desire to improve their children than from negligence, indifference, or just pure cussedness."

There are six principal ways in

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which well-intentioned parents unknowingly push their children towards frustration and failure:

1. *They urge them to outshine others.* Roger's parents were determined that their boy should grow into a strong, self-confident adult. They figured that the best way to guarantee this was to see that he outstripped other children and proved himself smarter, quicker, or better than any of them.

When Roger was four, his parents weren't content to have him play with blocks like other boys his age. He was trained instead to recite the alphabet and count to 20. Most children learn to read at six or seven. Roger was taught at 4½. He was first among his friends to tell time, first to ride a bike, first to go on a camping trip, first to master algebra.

Roger grew up feeling he was a pretty outstanding fellow. But, at 31, he is stuck in a dead-end job. That is what so often happens to youngsters who are prodded all through childhood to outshine other youngsters. By the time they reach adulthood, they are so accustomed to being kingpin that they can't play second fiddle to anyone. And they can't succeed at jobs because they don't know what it means to follow instructions or cooperate with fellow workers.

2. *They burden them with too many responsibilities.* Four afternoons a week, as soon as school lets out, Peggy comes home and takes care of her twin brothers. Peggy is just nine and the twins are three. If Peggy's mother isn't home by the boys' suppertime, Peggy cooks their food, feeds them, bathes them, and reads them a bedtime story.

Peggy's folks are pleased that she has accepted such a major responsibility. They are sure it bodes well for her future. Unfortunately, however, when a child is given too many obligations for her age, she often turns into an irresponsible adult who can't complete even simple tasks.

Usually, when a child is forced to grow up too fast, he offers no direct protest. He may show indirect signs of the strain (nightmares, nail-biting, nervousness) but his parents aren't likely to recognize their significance. Since he outwardly appears willing to live up to what his parents expect of him, they tend to demand more and more of the child.

3. *They praise them too much.* It's natural for parents to be proud of their children's talents and accomplishments. But constant praise has the opposite effect. It helps develop a sense of inferiority because it convinces the child that he is worthwhile only if he is *doing* something. Just being himself doesn't seem good enough. Moreover, if your child gets used to being praised for every slight accomplishment, he will be ill-prepared for a world where struggle is necessary to get even a nod of approval.

4. *They pick their pastimes.* Like most six-year-olds, Janice liked to draw. Actually she drew somewhat better than most girls her age, so her parents decided to start her at drawing lessons. At eight, she was taking two lessons a week, and going to dancing class Saturday mornings. When she was nine, her mother coached her at piano playing before supper every day.

Janice's family felt satisfied that

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they were raising the girl to be a gifted, accomplished woman. But unfortunately, like many parents, they overlooked two important factors. First, a schedule as crammed as Janice's is severely taxing on a growing child. Second, children do not maintain much interest in activities that they themselves do not choose. Nobody had ever thought to ask Janice how she felt about dancing, drawing, and piano playing. As it happened, she didn't much care for any of them.

At 24, Janice is an unsettled, indecisive young woman who doesn't yet know what she wants of life. She sells stationery in a department store, but she is sure she'd be happier doing something else—if she could only make up her mind what she might like to do.

For several months recently, Janice had two boy friends and couldn't decide which one to marry. Each time she was on the verge of reaching a decision, she would worry that she was making the wrong choice. Now both young men have stopped calling on her.

5. *They demand perfection.* When your child brings home a report card that is less than perfect, what do you do? Many parents grimly remind their offspring that he may get by with a grade of only 65 per cent at school—but that in the adult world he won't get by with less than 100. These parents wisely recognize that children won't achieve success in later years unless they develop habits of diligence and industry early in life.

But they fail to recognize that even when children do their very best, they may not be perfect. Children are bound to master new skills slowly and laboriously. If they are criticized for every error, they may be so overwhelmed that they lose all interest in learning anything.

6. *They decide their vocation.* When Roy was nine he told his father he wanted to be a chicken farmer. Since he had also told his father, at various times, that he intended being an airplane pilot, a railroad engineer, a sailor, and a builder of bridges, his parents didn't pay much attention. Dad felt sure that one day Roy would be a real-estate lawyer, like himself. That was the main reason he had worked so hard to build up a practice.

But when Roy was a high-school senior, he still insisted he would make a good farmer and a poor lawyer. The day of his graduation, he and his father argued so bitterly that Dad got migraine and couldn't attend commencement exercises. That upset Roy so much that he agreed to spend July clerking in his father's office.

By the end of three weeks, his father conceded that Roy would probably never like real-estate law or succeed at it. He agreed to let him spend the rest of the summer trying his skill as a farmer. Roy is still farming (it's three years now) and is exceptionally successful.

Does this experience of Roy's prove that parents should allow their teen-agers to pick whatever careers they fancy? It certainly does not. When it's time for your youngster to choose his life's work, you can do a great deal to help him choose wisely. But you can't do this by deciding *for* him which vocation he ought to follow.

Instead, sit down and help *him* decide what he most wants to do;

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then make sure he is well-qualified for the job. The guidance counselor at his school can help you judge that. Or you can encourage him to go to a vocational-guidance clinic in your community.

IN MANY FAMILIES, children are purposely pushed into every difficulty or crisis that comes up. Father comes home night after night and complains that the sales manager doesn't treat him fairly, or that the other salesmen get the best territories. Mother laments that her sister's husband didn't get his promotion because it went to the boss' son instead. The lady next door comes in to say that her brother worked for one firm for 20 years, and suddenly was fired when the firm consolidated with another.

Adults do not realize how hard children are hit by such remarks. A steady dosage of them can easily convince a youngster that he will never get anywhere in the world, and there's no point in trying.

It's no wiser to be a Pollyanna and lead your youngster to expect that everything he does will always turn out perfectly. But you can build up his hopes for the future by impressing on him that success often comes to those who are willing to work for it.

Chances are, success will come to your youngster if you don't push him to accomplish too much, too soon. Give him the time and opportunity to grow up at his own rate of speed and in his own direction, and he will make your fondest dreams come true.

Apt Observations

A BRIGHT LITTLE BOY, accompanying his father around the golf course, finally observed: "Daddy, why mustn't the ball go in the little hole, huh?" —*Twaddle*

ON A STREET CORNER, one man explained to another as they watched a couple in rapturous embrace, "It was love at first sight. I'm waiting for a lull to introduce them."
—*Capper's Weekly*

IN THE COURSE of a summer, motorists called on a certain farmer for gas, water, oil, and even milk for the baby, causing him to remark: "One nice thing about the horse-and-buggy days was that you didn't have to wake up anybody in the middle of the night to beg enough hay to get you back home."
—De Pere (Wis.) *Journal-Democrat*

LITTLE MARGARET, four years old, was told that her Aunt Alice was going to marry Mr. Robinson. Her response was, "Does he know it?"
—*Christian Science Monitor*

IN THE MIDDLE of a long address, the speaker paused and remarked: "You know, I don't mind your looking at your watches to see what time it is, but it does bother me when you put them up to your ears to make sure that they are still running." —*Pick Topicks*

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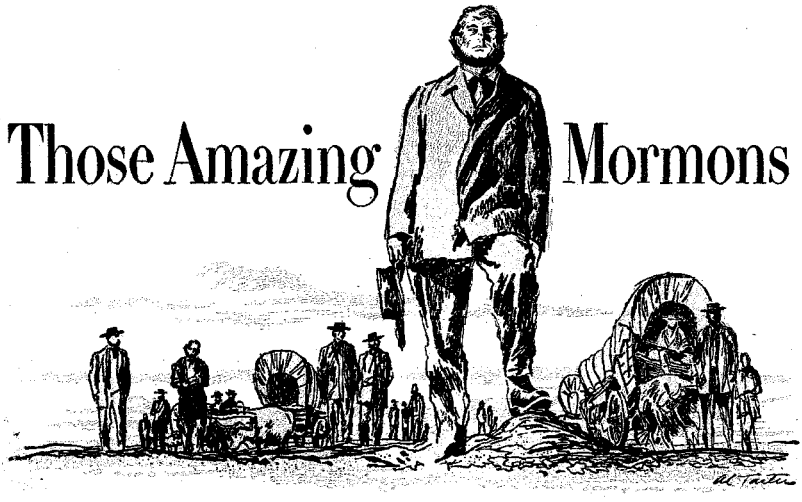
Those Amazing Mormons



by ANDREW HAMILTON

The Latter-Day Saints—"a peculiar people"—are vigorous, independent, paradoxical

WHEN GEN. TOM THUMB, the celebrated midget, visited Salt Lake City in 1872, he remarked to Brigham Young: "There's one thing I don't understand about you Mormons. To put it bluntly, it's this here polygamy."

The pioneer Mormon leader, credited with at least 19 wives and 56 children, regarded his tiny guest gravely and then said: "Don't worry. When I was your size, I didn't understand it, either."

For more than a century, the world has been trying to understand the Church of Jesus Christ of the Latter-Day Saints—better known as the Mormon Church. Even devout members say with intermingled pride and sadness: "We're a peculiar people."

What is puzzling about this made-in-America religion is its amazing contradictions. Yet these contradictions have given it personality, coloring, and fascination. For example:

1. Although it numbers among its members few individuals of great wealth, the Mormon Church is one of the richest in the world.

2. Mormon belief forbids the use of alcoholic drinks, tea, coffee, tobacco, yet it encourages dancing, singing, and theatricals.

3. The Mormon hierarchy is a tight, self-perpetuating organization, like the Catholic Church with its Pope and College of Cardinals. On the other hand, it has no paid ministers, and puts heavy emphasis on individual education and self-sufficiency.

4. In Utah, Jews are known as "gentiles," Indians are thought to be descendants of the ancient Isra-

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elites, and Negroes are called children of Cain.

5. Mormonism is a mixture of the supernatural and divine revelation —yet it is one of the most practical religions on earth.

Mormonism is more than just a religion—and that's the explanation for its vigor. It is a way of life, a Western political force, a close-knit economic organization of surprising strength.

Today there are some 1,000,000 Latter-Day Saints in the U. S.—40 or 50 times as many as in Young's time. They comprise 50 per cent of the people in mountain-rimmed Salt Lake City, and 70 per cent of the population of Utah as a whole. Latter-Day Saint missionaries are fond of saying: "We've converted thousands of advocates of other faiths—nobody has ever converted a Mormon missionary."

MORMONISM IS the product of two unusual Vermont-born men: an imaginative, articulate dreamer named Joseph Smith, and the broad-shouldered, horny-handed colonizer, Brigham Young. As a 14-year-old, Smith claimed to have seen visions of God, who told him to establish a new religion. At 24 he had translated the 275,000-word Book of Mormon from a Heaven-sent set of golden plates.

A tall, handsome man with wavy hair, he won followers in New York, Ohio, and Missouri. Later he established an all-Mormon city at Nauvoo, Illinois, organized a private army, and ran for President of the United States. In 1844 he was murdered by a fanatical mob.

Young, a carpenter, then assumed command and led the Mormons out of persecution to establish a new Zion in "the tops of the mountains." In July, 1847, his covered wagons rumbled down the rugged Wasatch Mountains and Mormon pioneers beheld the desolate Utah desert with Great Salt Lake shimmering in the background. As the men stared and the women wept in disappointment, Young made his now-famous pronouncement: "This is the place!"

The Mormon trek and creation of an empire is an American epic. In cactus and coyote country they built homes and churches, schools and farms, dams and roads, hydro-electric and irrigation projects.

Young shrewdly reasoned that agriculture would provide a more stable economy than the get-rich-quick prosperity of the mines. "Gold is for paving the streets," he said in scorn. Today, the Mormons' greatest wealth lies in fruit orchards, in vast dairy farms and herds of livestock, in alfalfa and sugar beets.

Devout Mormons believe that God is a living being and that man should strive to become more like Him. They are convinced that man will be punished for his own sins, not Adam's. They are sure that life will continue after death, in another world. The Mormon creed is summed up in this statement: "As man now is, God once was; as God is now, man may become."

Polygamy has been a dead issue in the Mormon Church for some 50 years. Even when Smith, Young, and other brethren took "plural" wives, church authorities considered only three per cent of the male population responsible enough to support more than one wife.

Utah made several unsuccessful

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attempts between 1849 and 1887 to join the U. S. Each time it was banned because of the polygamy issue. Finally, in 1890, Wilford Woodruff, who was then president, revealed that God had ordered an end to polygamy.

Good Mormons religiously avoid alcoholic drinks, tobacco, coffee, and tea. Meat once was eaten sparingly, but this prohibition was never strictly adhered to and is rarely observed today. Swearing is also frowned upon.

One Mormon story concerns a farmer, dressed for church, who found that the hired man hadn't milked the cow. Exasperated, he sat down and went to work. As the bucket brimmed with warm milk, the cow kicked it into his lap.

The apoplectic farmer began slowly, his voice rising in volume and tempo: "If I weren't a good Mormon . . . if I weren't a bishop in the church . . . if I weren't a man of righteousness . . . *if I didn't believe that swearing was against God's word* . . . I'd sure as hell break your damned neck!"

MANY SCHOLARS have tried to analyze the secret of Mormonism's astonishing growth and present-day vigor. It can be summed up in two words: *persecution* and *participation.*

No other religious group in the U. S. has been hounded, vilified, slandered, and ostracized like the Mormons. Church members have been tarred and feathered, their homes set afire, their women raped. In their Utah refuge, the Mormons were attacked by Indians.

But persecution toughens a people, binds them closer spiritually. The hardships of the early days provided the granitelike inner strength that the Mormon Church possesses today.

The second key to its success is participation. From cradle to grave, all good Mormons give generously of time and money. The church is supported financially by old-fashioned tithing—each member pledging a tenth of his income.

But there are no paid ministers, no robes, no trappings. The presiding head of each Mormon church is the bishop—but during weekdays he may be your family doctor, insurance salesman, county agricultural agent, or corner druggist. He serves cheerfully and without pay.

The Church is extremely easy to get into. All you have to do is convince a sponsor of your sincerity, and be baptized. There is no novitiate period of waiting.

Lewis Browne, late author and lecturer, was once in Salt Lake City and wanted to see the inside of the Mormon Temple—not realizing it is closed to nonmembers.

"That can be arranged," said a Church dignitary. "All you have to do is to subscribe to Mormon doctrine, give up alcohol and tobacco, and pledge one-tenth of your income in perpetuity."

The ruling hierarchy makes its headquarters in Salt Lake City. At the top of the pyramid is the president with two counselors. Just below this trio—like a board of trustees—are the Twelve Apostles. The president is said to be paid about $8,000 a year, while the others receive $450 a month.

Made up of Utah's most successful business and professional men, the hierarchy tends to be Republi-

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can and isolationist. The newly elected president, following the death of George Albert Smith last year, is white-maned David O. McKay, a 78-year-old former schoolteacher who has long been active in church affairs.

Mormons are eager proselyters, yet they have exhibited a remarkable tolerance for the "gentiles"—anyone outside the Mormon Church. Young preached: "Come my good brother, Baptist, Calvinist, Wesleyan, Quaker, Catholic, Jew, and pagan . . . Come, we are all good Christians. I find no fault with you, why should you find fault with me?"

The Mormons gave land and money to establish Catholic, Jewish, and Episcopalian churches in Utah. And Young even sent Orson Hyde to Jerusalem to rededicate that land for the return of the Jews.

When it comes to economic power, the Church is a purring dynamo. Church members own most of the stock in such profitable enterprises as the Hotel Utah, the Temple Square Hotel, the Zion's Cooperative Mercantile Institution (the city's largest department store), radio station KSL, and the *Deseret News*, one of Salt Lake City's largest newspapers. It holds title to vast quantities of real estate, while prominent churchmen serve as directors of well-known American companies.

In spite of its wealth and power, the Church is keenly aware of the value of independence and self-sufficiency. Hard lessons were learned when its people were threatened by Indians and rattlesnakes, rather than inflation and taxes.

Some of the more imposing edifices would cost millions of dollars if built commercially. But when church members donate after-work hours, Saturdays, holidays, and vacations, costs are drastically reduced.

Mormon churches are among the simplest in America. In style they resemble the New England edifices—distinguished by a white spire rising into blue skies. Inside, there is no altar, no statuary, no candelabra or incense burners.

Because the Latter-Day Saints have always believed in recreation for the body, as well as in worship for the soul, churches include a recreation hall for dancing, amateur theatricals, songfests, Boy Scout meetings, and sports.

A church member said recently: "The Mormons are sometimes criticized for making religion pleasant. We don't believe in a hell-and-brimstone God, but in one of love and kindness."

Mormonism's greatest architectural triumph is the huge Tabernacle in Salt Lake City. Although erected 84 years ago, it has almost-perfect acoustics. The "click" of a pin dropped in one corner can be heard in the farthest corner, 250 feet away.

It is from the Tabernacle that the powerful 350-voice Mormon choir is heard each Sunday morning over CBS. The great deep-throated organ was hand-carved from pine hauled by oxcart from forests 300 miles away.

Another pioneer virtue—the Mormons believe earnestly in taking care of their own when trouble strikes. During the depression of the 1930s, Church leaders were distressed by the number of members on relief. They quickly realized that government handouts were blunting

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initiative. In 1936, therefore, they launched their unique Welfare Program, and since then it has served 225,000 persons.

The program revolves around 110 storehouses all over the West that today are bulging with food, clothing, fuel, construction materials, and medicine. Goods are swapped by carload lot. Men's work pants made in Salt Lake City are traded for Idaho potatoes; San Diego-netted tuna fish for sugar from Provo beets; Ogden coal for medicines from Los Angeles.

Time and again the Welfare Program has proved its worth—when a farmer's barn burns down, when polio strikes a family, when a couple grows too old to work. In such cases, building materials, medicines, and food are provided.

Mormonism has changed considerably since the frenetic days of Smith and the pioneering days of Young. It has won its fight against bigotry and persecution, and today is one of America's most respected religions. Whatever conflict remains is within the church itself—between those who want to cling to the "good old days" and the younger folk who want to streamline the Church even more.

Three things are changing Mormonism today: (1) the influx of new people into Utah during World War II and since; (2) the step-up in industrialization, such as the $200,000,000 Geneva Steel plant; and (3) the fact that 100,000 Mormon descendants have been "exported" to other states.

No matter what turns the Church may take in the future, Mormonism has demonstrated again the great lesson of America—that there can be diversity within unity, one faith among many, individuality within the bounds of cooperation.

Statistics of a Six-year-old's Birthday Party

Number of guests—12

Age of guests—4 to 9

Number of guests bearing gifts—12

Number of guests from whom gifts had to be taken forcibly—9

Number of guests who insisted on opening own gifts—5

Number of guests who kept asking when refreshments were to be served—12

Number of guests who complained that they had been given smaller portions of ice cream than other guests at the party—12

Number of trips to the bathroom during the course of the afternoon—47

Number of guests requiring first aid during the course of the afternoon—12

Number of times a minute the guest of honor threatened never to invite one or more of the other guests again—3

Number of days before parents have to go through such an ordeal again—365 "Thank Goodness!"

—Mrs. Evelyn Moser

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Double Play at Sea

by JAY PATNICK

IT HAPPENED to James Wilkinson in a typhoon in the middle of the Philippine Sea. The flotilla of 16 first-line battlewagons of the U.S. Navy, Teddy Roosevelt's "Great White Fleet," was on the Manila-to-Tokyo leg of its historic cruise around the world in 1908, and making heavy weather.

Lashed by wind and spray, Seaman Wilkinson's ship, the *Minnesota*, wallowed like a stricken monster. Behind her, the *Vermont* bucked and rolled. The rest of the flotilla was lost in the flying scud.

Jimmie Wilkinson crossed the *Minnesota's* slippery deck as she stuck her nose into a gray-green mountain of water. Its crest curled in a smother of foam and engulfed her to the superstructure. One moment Jimmie was clinging to a life line and the next, as the *Minnesota* shook herself free of the giant wave, Jimmie went with it.

Somebody shouted, "Man overboard!" But outside of echoing the traditional cry, there wasn't much that could be done. The book on Jimmie Wilkinson could be closed right now with the notation:

"Lost at sea."

Jimmie thought so too, if he thought at all as he clawed to the surface, gulped air, and was flung over and over as the great comber raced on. He went under again, but the will to live was strong in Jimmie, and once more he fought his way to the surface.

He was still struggling when suddenly the ocean seemed to rise and strike him a mighty blow. Half-stunned, he slid along something smooth and hard. He could hear a mutter of voices; could feel hands dragging him to safety.

One of the most incredible things in marine history had happened to Seaman James Wilkinson. The wave that swept him off the *Minnesota* had deposited him—unharmed—on the deck of the *Vermont!*

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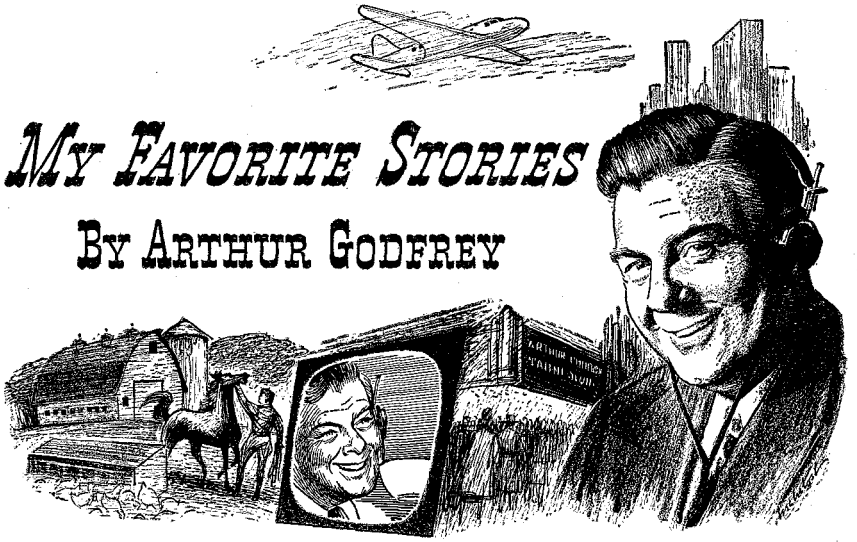

My Favorite Stories

By Arthur Godfrey

From the new and hilarious book by the famous entertainer of CBS radio and TV

I HAD ALWAYS HEARD that for some people in show business there are only two cities in the United States —New York and Hollywood. I didn't believe it until one night I saw three guys come out of the Stork Club to get into their car and drive to Hollywood, where they lived. They started to pile in the front seat when one chap held back and said: "Let me sit on the outside. I get out first."

* * *

GRANDMOTHER had volunteered to look after her four-year-old grandson while his parents went out one night.

Tucking him in bed, she whispered, "All right, my dear. Are you ready for your bedtime story?"

"Not tonight, thank you, Grandma," the boy murmured.

"Then I'll sing you a little lullaby," she said.

"No thanks, Grandma. No lullaby, please."

"Then what *can* I do for you, my child?" she asked.

"Well," said the youngster, "I've had a hard day. Suppose you just go away and let me get some sleep."

* * *

A WOMAN in Indianapolis gave the most implausible excuse for speeding I've ever heard.

"I just bought a new pair of shoes, Officer. They have very high heels and platform soles so I didn't know how far down I was pressing the gas pedal."

* * *

FOR ME, A CERTAIN eight-year-old achieved a place right up next to Shakespeare for a school essay he wrote. It was entitled:

WHAT MY DOG MEANS TO ME

(It read) My dog means some-

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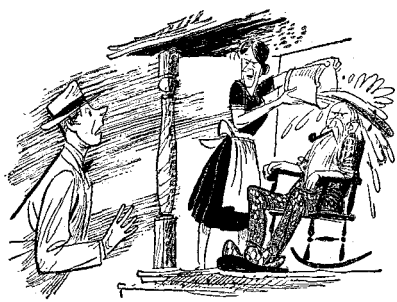
body nice and quiet to be with. He does not say "Do" like my mother, or "Don't" like my father, or "Stop" like my big brother.

My dog "Spot" and I sit together quietly and I like him and he likes me.

* * *

INTRODUCING lady soldiers into the Army caused some interesting confusion during the last war, which didn't end with the armistice. Some time after hostilities ceased, a discharged WAC telephoned the Veterans Administration and asked if the GI Bill of Rights covered hospitalization for maternity.

"That all depends," replied the clerk, absent-mindedly. "Is this a service-incurred disability?"



A COUPLE OF city folk were driving through the back mountain country of Kentucky. Not being too sure of their route, they stopped to ask directions of a bewhiskered man sitting in a rocking chair on the porch of a dilapidated shack.

As they approached the porch, a woman came out of the door carrying a bucket of water. She walked directly to the man in the rocking chair and emptied it over his head.

The woman looked up, saw the puzzled expression on the strangers' faces, and said: "Keeps the flies off'n him."

* * *

EVERY TIME I get to Denver I'm impressed all over again with the wonderful visibility in that city 5,000 feet high in the Rockies and I think of a story someone told me.

A man driving West stopped to ask a native how far away the mountain was in the distance. He was surprised to hear it was still 50 miles ahead. An hour later he stopped and asked again, only to be told that, while it looked very close now, the mountain was still 48 miles distant.

Finally the man stopped a third time and spoke to an old Indian sitting astride a horse.

"Say, tell me," he said, "how far away is that mountain?"

There was no answer from the Indian so he repeated the question a little louder. Still no answer.

Finally the motorist shouted at the top of his lungs but the Indian just swung his horse to the right and trotted off.

"Hmmm," said the man behind the wheel, "that Indian must have been farther away than I thought."

* * *

MOST TRUE STORIES about movie stars, I've found, originate in the nimble minds of energetic press agents. If this is one of those, I don't care. It's funny. An interviewer was getting facts about her daughters from Mrs. Fontaine, the beautiful mother of lovely Olivia de Havilland and gorgeous Joan Fontaine. Asked where the girls

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were born, Mrs. Fontaine replied: "In Tokyo."

"Tokyo?" the newsman replied excitedly. "How did that happen?"

"Oh, in the usual way," said Mrs. Fontaine.

* * *

I ALWAYS particularly liked the story Harry Emerson Fosdick used to tell. So often I feel like this when I come to work in the morning.

A farmer, driving his team laboriously along a dusty road, pulled up beside a man sitting under a tree and called out, "How much longer does this durn hill last?"

"You ain't riding on no hill," the man called back. "Yore hind wheels is off."

* * *

HOW WOULD YOU like to be manager of the classified section of a newspaper, be called in on the carpet by the boss and confronted with this item, carried in your Monday-morning issue?

"Will share sales office with responsible party, desk, telephone, and limited use of office girl."

* * *

THE LITTLE FELLOW stood by his father's side in the crowded elevator of a New York skyscraper, shifting impatiently from foot to foot while his parents carried on a conversation with a friend. Tired of being ignored, the lad tugged at his father's coat until he bent over so that his son could whisper into his ear. Then the father frowned and shook his head vigorously.

As the elevator sped from floor to floor, the procedure was repeated several times. Finally, the father lost patience and said sharply: "I don't care how Superman does it! We're going up *this* way!"

"SHAGGY DOG" STORIES are a dime a dozen but they strike me funny a lot of times. This one is no better—or worse—than a thousand others. I suppose it's really a "shaggy reindeer" story.

A reindeer walked into a bar and ordered a Scotch and soda. The bartender served him and took two dollars out of a five the reindeer handed him.

"Pardon me," said the bartender, "I hope you don't mind my mentioning it but—I don't think we've ever seen a reindeer in here before."

"No," said the reindeer indignantly, as he picked up his change, "and you're not likely to see another—not at these prices."

* * *

I DON'T KNOW WHY it is, but doctor-bill stories always seem to strike people funny. Being about the most respected group of people in any American community, doctors can usually take all the jokes there are about themselves with good humor. A couple of years ago a

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woman sent me a doctor story I've always thought was cute.

The woman got her bill from the doctor shortly after her young son got over the measles and she thought the bill was too high, so she called his office.

"Don't forget," the doctor reminded her, "that I paid eight visits to your house while your boy had the measles."

"No," the woman answered, "and don't *you* forget he infected the whole fourth grade."

A MINISTER received a call from a large church at almost double his current salary. He replied that he would prayerfully consider the matter and give them his decision in a few days. A short time later the pastor's small son was asked by an interested friend if his father had decided to accept the offer.

"I don't know," the child replied. "Papa is still praying, but Mama has our things all packed."

A GRADE-SCHOOL TEACHER was giving her class a nature talk about chickens. It was the complete story with slides, pictures, and diagrams. And when she finished the lecture she said, "Ah, children, don't you think it's the most wonderful thing, the way little chicks get out of their shells?"

Whereupon a little girl piped up: "Yeah, but what beats me, teacher, is—how they get in."

THREE OF THE MOST eager things I can think of are puppies, children, and Navy recruits. And the most eager would-be gob was the youngster from the Middlewest. When the examining doctor asked him to say "Ah," the kid opened his mouth wide.

"Please," said the medic, "don't open your mouth any wider. I expect to stand outside while examining your throat."

AFTER A HARD DAY at the office, a man went home to his wife and cute little three-year-old daughter.

"Have you a kiss for Daddy?"

"No."

"I'm ashamed of you. Your Daddy works hard all day to bring home a little money and you behave like that. Come on now, where's the kiss?"

Looking him right in the eye, the three-year-old said, "where's the money?"

THE MOST BELIEVABLE golf story of the year appeared on the sports page of a Florida newspaper recently. It read, "At this point the gallery deserted the defending champion to watch Miss Blank, whose shorts were dropping on the green with astonishing regularity."

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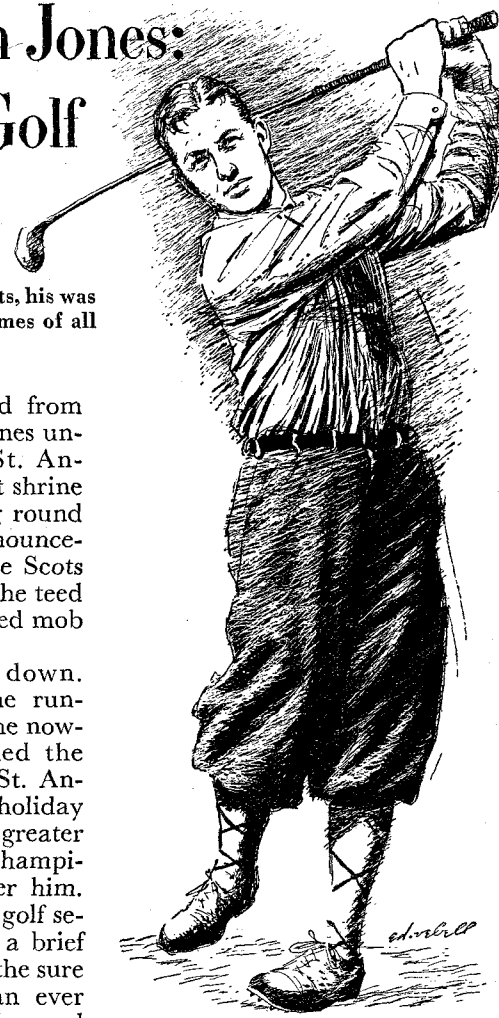
Gentleman Jones: Emperor of Golf

by AL STUMP

In the Golden Age of sports, his was one of the most magic names of all



SIX YEARS after he retired from the headlines, Bobby Jones unexpectedly appeared at St. Andrews, Scotland, the ancient shrine of golf, for a quiet morning round with friends. No public announcement had been made to the Scots that Jones had arrived. Yet he teed off before a swarming, excited mob of 5,000 spectators.

Business houses closed down. Women and children came running to join the crowd. As the now-portly ex-champion reached the third hole, virtually all of St. Andrews was on the course. In holiday spirit, more than 7,000—a greater gallery than many major championships draw—trooped after him.

Bob Jones hadn't played golf seriously for months, but for a brief time the flawless swing and the sure putting touch that no man ever equaled were his again. He dropped his final putt for a sub-par 72.

"Our Bobby is back!" cried an old Scot, tears running down his face.

At home or abroad, "Our Bobby" was box-office magic in the Golden Age of sports. He turned peaceful fan turnouts into stampeding herds, caused millions of duffers to spend huge sums trying to copy his famous stance, made public golf links a big business.

Overshadowing even such greats as Walter Hagen, Gene Sarazen, Leo Diegel, and Tommy Armour, he gave golf its first universally accepted hero. When he quit in 1930

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at a youthful 28, he had done more to popularize the sport in America than any man before or since. Today, 50 years old and a grandfather, Robert Tyre Jones of Atlanta, Georgia, is still the golfer by whom all others are measured.

During a practice round by Emperor Jones at Pebble Beach, California, in 1927, three fans fell into the ocean and a dozen others were injured in the crush. When he dropped the winning putt of the 1929 National Open at Mamaroneck, N. Y., 15,000 trampled each other and the police to touch him. Before the 1930 National Amateur, in which Jones was shooting for the final victory of his amazing "Grand Slam," the U. S. Marines were called out to guard him.

"Will you need us if he loses?" the Marine commander asked.

"He can't lose!" cried tournament heads. "Bobby Jones is the greatest golfer in the world!"

The quiet Georgia lawyer proved it by closing out the match on the 11th green. A roar split the air—then 18,000 rioted. Scores of persons were hurled down an embankment. Only by forming a flying wedge around him did the Marines save Jones from being torn apart.

NO ATHLETE ever faced such a gnawing mental handicap as the Georgian. His unequaled record —13 major championships in eight years—made him seem superhuman to the public. The crowds that overran the ropes to pack close around his fairways were sitting ducks for his screaming, low-hit drives.

"I lived in mortal fear that I'd hit and kill somebody," Jones says.

Commercial interests naturally saw in him a bonanza matched only by Babe Ruth and Jack Dempsey. Yet he would take nothing from golf for himself, refusing more than $1,000,000. He remained an amateur—playing for the sheer love of it—until the day he retired.

"He has more character than any champion in our history," wrote the late sports expert O. B. Keeler, Bobby's longtime Boswell. "In that is the key to his lasting appeal."

Many wealthy men sought to subsidize him, but Jones paid his own way to tournaments by hard work in courtrooms and law offices. At times he entered international events with little or no practice. He was too busy taking degrees from Harvard and Georgia Tech and studying at Emory University, before passing the Georgia Bar exam.

"First come my wife and children," he said. "Next comes my profession—the law. Finally, and never as a life in itself, comes golf."

No scandal ever touched his name. Titles and prestige meant little to him. He had no vanity. Bobby Jones was and is a plain, shy, modest, and devoted family man and Southern gentleman.

The Scots and British idolized him for the manner in which he won the 1927 British Open. Handed the historic cup at St. Andrews, Jones replied simply:

"Nothing would make me happier than to take home your trophy. But I cannot. It was played for here 30 years before I was born. Please honor me by allowing it to be kept here at the Royal and Ancient Golf Club, where it belongs."

His dignity and common sense in a crazy age earned a vast respect. When he returned from Interlachen

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in Minneapolis with his third crown of 1930, some 50,000 Atlantans declared a civic holiday and marched in the streets. Said the Atlanta *Journal:* "Into a stick of wood and iron he has put so much brain, so much character, chivalry, and perfection, that all sorts and conditions of men thrill to his deed and cry from their hearts, 'The greatest in the world!' "

THE YEARS HAVE only added to the Jones legend. He looks much the same today—square-jawed, stocky, with only a little gray in his dark hair. But for two years illness and two operations have kept him from even a Sunday round of golf. Yet Bobby has maintained one of the South's most successful law practices. Another Jones enterprise is a prosperous bottling concern in the U. S. and South America.

Atlantans proudly show off the Bobby Jones Municipal Golf Course, the only one in America named in honor of a golfer. "We think of him as our state's finest emblem," say leading Georgians.

Perhaps his most fitting memorial is the annual Masters Tournament at Augusta. Each April, the nation's golf aces compete over the beautiful Augusta National, a $250,000 dream course built by his admirers. Ben Hogan, Sammy Snead, Lloyd Mangrum, and the other current crackshots are always in the field, yet when a chunky, smiling man appears on the tee, his gallery is larger than any other's.

"Just walking around, watching a match," marvels Hogan, "he's still the best attraction in golf."

For a few postwar years, Jones played in the Masters. It was his one appearance a year and 20,000 came out to watch. His haymaker swing and hula-hip action were rusty, but he always stayed right up with the nation's top golfers.

"Those days are all over now," Jones says regretfully. "Last August I got the doctor's final report. The two operations for pressure on my spinal cord have brought little relief. Now they tell me I may never hit a golf ball again."

Among experts, there is long, futile argument over how Jones would fare against today's par-wreckers. Scores have dropped, but so have courses been softened and equipment improved. Let it go that the Jones record is unique.

At nine, he was playing against grown men in tournaments. At 14, he was in big-time competition and winning. At 21, he was National Open champion. After that, he accounted for 13 of the world's top titles: four U.S. Opens, five National Amateurs, one British Amateur, and three British Opens. No man is close to that mark.

Finally, there is the Grand Slam, perhaps the most notable sports achievement of all time. In 1930, Jones took on such tremendous low-scorers as Mac and Horton Smith, Bobby Cruickshank, Harry Cooper, Sarazen, Francis Ouimet, Diegel, Johnny Farrell, MacDonald Smith, Whiffy Cox, Armour, and Hagen, and beat them all.

He won in one year all four of the big championships: the U.S. Open and Amateur, the British Amateur and Open—a feat that sports experts agree will never be equaled.

The Jones story begins with a fight for life. Born on St. Patrick's Day in 1902, in Atlanta, he was a scrawny specimen whom seven doc-

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tors despaired of saving. Until he was five, Bobby could eat little because of a serious digestive ailment. Other kids scampered in West Peachtree Street; the Jones boy with the thin legs and big head sat on the porch and watched.

"How I used to envy an organ grinder's monkey that came down our block," Jones goes back. "He could catch a ball!"

Around 1908, when he was six, the Jones family moved to an Atlanta suburb which was near a golf course. The senior Jones, an outstanding baseball player at the University of Georgia turned lawyer, took up the game with enthusiasm. Bobby tagged along, first to watch, then with a set of cut-down clubs.

In time, the long walks strengthened his legs. Always a natural mimic, he copied the swinging style of Stewart Maiden, Scottish professional at East Lake. Six years later club members were startled by a note on the bulletin board:

"Bob Jones, Jr., age 12, today shot a 70, tying the course record."

Older Atlantans who know him well say that the change in his appearance the next few years was incredible. At 15, his once-frail frame had taken on a solid 165 pounds. Eventually he could rip a pack of playing cards across the middle.

There was never such a golf prodigy as the reborn Bobby. He was Georgia State champion at 14, and went to the third round of the National Amateur, defeating an ex-titleholder, Eben Byers, along the way. At 15, he was Southern champion; at 17, runner-up in the Canadian Open and National Amateur. Such success, he admits, made him cocky and hot-tempered. When he missed a shot, he threw his club at the nearest tree—and press reports began to grow uncomplimentary.

"Golf to me then was just a game at which to beat someone," he says. "And of course, I didn't know that the someone was myself. Harry Vardon, the great English star, helped me see the light."

Playing the crusty Vardon at Toledo in 1920, Bobby was his usual brash self. The two were about even when the youngster hit a miserable dribbler into a bunker. Thinking to ease his embarrassment, he called, "Did you ever see a worse shot?"

"No," Vardon replied coldly. It was the only word he spoke to Jones during the match.

Bobby learned the cruel facts of tournament golf too early. Because he was a boy wonder, sports writers drummed at the fact that he just missed winning in the big events. At 18, he was second in the Western Amateur and lost in the National Amateur semifinals. Word went around that the Jones boy lacked fortitude in the clinch.

The climax came in the 1921 U.S. Amateur at St. Louis, when Bobby bowed before Willie Hunter, never his equal, in the third round. As he bitterly walked away, Jones heard a golf writer remark: "Sure—he's the greatest shotmaker we have. But he hasn't the guts to win!"

He was 21, graduated as a mechanical engineer from Georgia Tech, when he went to the U.S. Open at Inwood, Long Island, in 1923. In seven years, Jones had played in 11 national championships without a victory. Golf, which had given him health, had become a plaguing, nerve-twisting thing.

"I was sick of the pressure, of the

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self-doubt," says Jones. "If the lane hadn't turned at Inwood, I think it would have gone straight on to end in the shadows."

The shot with which he saved himself as a golfer came on the 18th hole of his title play-off at Inwood with the crafty Cruickshank. The crowd groaned when Jones' drive was sliced into the rough. It was a question of making a safe recovery to the fairway or risking everything on a 200-yard iron shot out of the brush to the green.

Jones didn't hesitate. He walked to his ball, swung with all his power. It soared over the underbrush, flashed past the startled crowd, and fell almost dead to the pin. The long struggle was over—he had his first major championship.

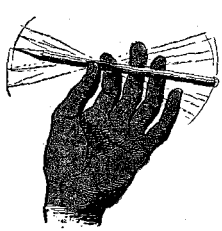
From 1923 on, Jones won a title a year, often two. Finally, he won all four. But the "Jones special" came in the 1930 U.S. Open at Interlachen. Lloyds of London was willing to wager 50-1 against his winning all four of the important titles of the year. Excitement was electric as he faced the final putt on the 18th green—the putt he needed to beat MacDonald Smith.

"The ball was 40 feet from the cup, a terrible distance under such conditions, and between the two was an undulation green," an eyewitness described the dramatic moment. "Out came 'Calamity Jane,' his fabled putter. For just seconds he eyed the hole. Then, with utter coolness, he hit the ball—hard. Up the slope it climbed, out into the sunlight it sped and, curving with the grain of the green, scurried into the cup for a birdie three! The gallery was in a frenzy. Bobby narrowly escaped with his clothes on."

On November 17 that same year, the sports world was stunned when he announced that he was through. Thousands wired and wrote him to reconsider. Yet, once again, this was the sound logic of Jones exerting itself. At best there could be nothing but anticlimax left. What sadder sight than a great champion who lingers too long? Wisely, Bobby Jones retired at his peak and went home to pick up his career in law.

No more inspiring figure remains from the Golden Age. He married his childhood sweetheart, the former Mary Malone, and had three children. Today, his oldest daughter is happily married; his son, Robert Tyre Jones III, is head of a bottling plant in Massachusetts, and his youngest daughter is in college.

The riches Bobby Jones refused as an amateur are far outweighed by the years of contentment. "Our master of golf is master of himself," they say in Georgia. "Therein lies his topmost trophy."



A Quick Trick

THE TRICK: To make a pencil appear to be made of rubber.

HOW TO DO IT: Hold one end of the pencil loosely between your thumb and first finger. Move your hand up and down, allowing the pencil to wobble. The illusion is perfect.

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THE BEST BANANAS

AN ATTORNEY was called upon by a young woman who said that he had been recommended to her as an excellent divorce lawyer. The attorney inquired as to the grounds on which she expected to base her suit and was greatly surprised when she answered: "Oh, I got my divorce several months ago. What I want now is a lawyer who will get my alimony away from the lawyer who got my divorce."

—*Wall Street Journal*

JUDY CANOVA couldn't understand the sudden wealth of her seven-year-old daughter Tweeny, until she arrived home early one day to find the road leading to her home blazoned with a sign reading: "Visit Judy Canova's House for only 25 Cents—Guide, Her Daughter." —*Tales of Hoffman*

A BOY I KNOW has taken the oldest known gadget, an item in the public domain, and is knitting up a smooth dollar simply by changing the words on it and adapting it to use in an automobile. The gadget is the barometer. Instead of saying "Change," it now says: "Don't Plan a Picnic." Where ordinary barometers say "Rain," it says: "Don't Wash Car." Drivers are buying them in dozens.

—IRVING HOFFMAN

WHEN JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER was small, an Indian herb doctor, to get trade started at a carnival, held up a new silver dollar. "How much am I bid?" he asked.

The crowd was cautious, silent, suspicious.

"Come, come—a nickel? A dime?"

"I bid a nickel," piped up young John D.

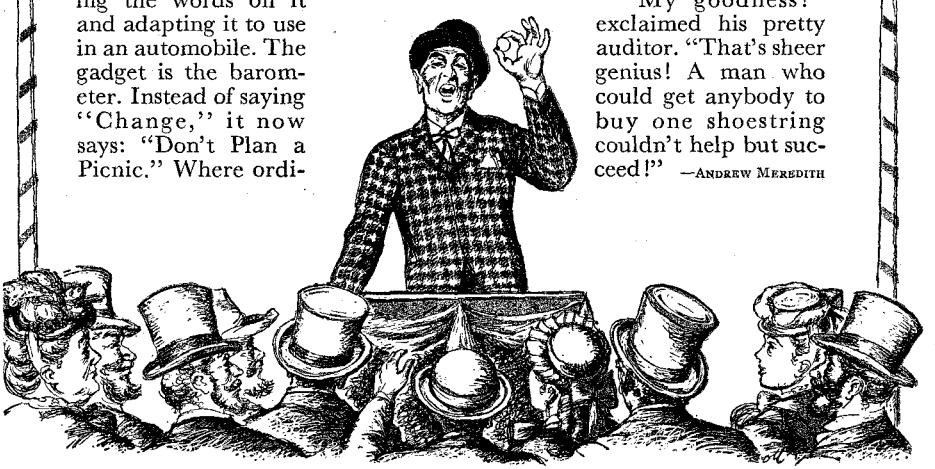
"The dollar is yours, boy," said the doctor. "Hand up your nickel."

"Take it out of the dollar," piped up the little fellow, "and gimme 95 cents change!"

—*Northwestern Bell*

"YES," ADMITTED the financial tycoon, "I suppose you could say I was a success. And what makes me so proud is that I started the whole business on a shoestring."

"My goodness!" exclaimed his pretty auditor. "That's sheer genius! A man who could get anybody to buy one shoestring couldn't help but succeed!" —ANDREW MEREDITH



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Picture Story

THE CHALLENGE OF CHINA

ILLUSTRATED BY GEOFFREY BIGGS

THE TANGLED STORY of China reaches back 3,500 years to the darkest corners of history. Even the earth looks brown with age, worn. Civilizations have risen and fallen; populations have been decimated by war, flood, famine. Yet, through long, troubled centuries, China's most pressing challenge has come neither from foreign invaders nor from upheavals of nature, but from China itself. Never have its hunger-haunted people learned to govern themselves effectually; never have their leaders fashioned a lasting government that might breathe life into the nation's promising heritage. Today, China is once more a land of violent ideas and unrestrained voices. In the grip of Red tyranny, its people once more have good cause to remember the words of their sage, Confucius: "An oppressive government is more to be feared than a lion." Must they live forever in fear and misery? As they seek the answer, so, too, does the West, for, in a shrinking world, the problems of China have become a complex challenge to global peace.

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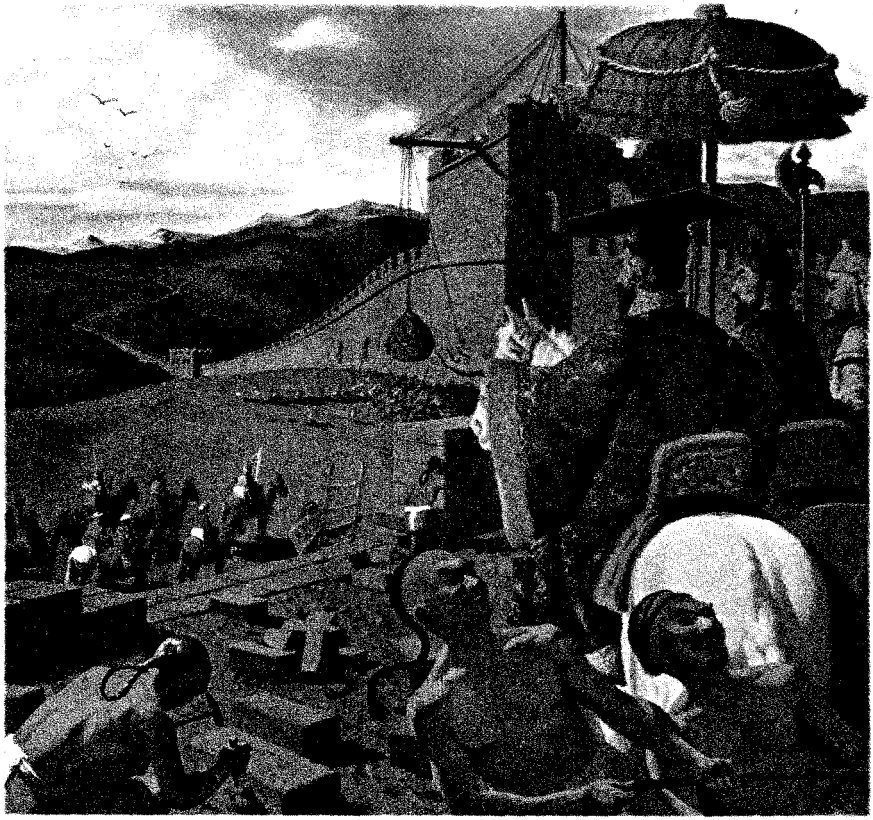

OUT OF THE CHAOS of dim antiquity came a leader, Cheng, Prince of the Ch'ins, and he struck down the war lords who had rent China. Vigorously he set forth to unify the torn nation: he sent trusted officials into newly created provinces; he standardized laws, weights, and measures; commerce began to flourish. Then, in 220 B. C., Shih-huang-ti—the first emperor—undertook to build a wall across the vast northern frontier. How many years it took to complete, how many laborers hauled stones and packed earth in broiling sun and freezing snow, no man can say. But the Great Wall, reaching 1,800 miles across plains and deserts, became one of history's monumental structures—and a symbol of China's failure to grow as a nation. The Wall formed a barrier behind which the people isolated themselves: the nation turned inward. Nor did it keep out raiding Tartars and Mongols. As the years passed it was breached again and again and, for 2,000 years, China's centuries were punctuated by violence.

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ONE DYNASTY after another ruled and fell. Then, in the 13th century, Mongol horsemen swept over the Wall. Soon all China was theirs. Again the shattered land was consolidated and, under Kublai Khan, the Mongols reached a peak of power. Their warriors roamed to the borders of Poland, while Kublai's daring revolutionized the technique of warfare. Once, he mounted a blockhouse on four elephants, charged, and routed his foe. Watching was a fascinated Occidental traveler. His name was Marco Polo.

BACK TO EUROPE went Marco Polo and, for the first time, Westerners learned of the fabulous East. Printing from movable type, unknown in Europe, was used in the domains of the Great Khan. Coal was mined, salt taken from the sea. In many ways ahead of the West, China stood on the brink of lasting greatness. But its greatness remained locked behind the Great Wall. Mistrusting the world, the people—the Khan himself—turned to their ancestors. Once more, China faced backward, not ahead.

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LONG BEFORE the birth of Christianity, China was blessed with the wisdom of one of history's great teachers. His name was Confucius and his philosophy brought light to a dark land. To his followers, he offered sublime truths whose validity is still unquestioned today: "What you do not like when done to yourself, do not do to others." Yet, even as peasants and rulers alike revered the Great Sage, they remained bound to the superstitions of the past. They worshiped the God of War, the Earth Lord, and the Town Lord. They paid obeisance to stone images whose divine power could bring prosperity—or stunning disaster. So it was that through the troubled history of the troubled land, all misfortune was ascribed to angry spirits—and mortal man remained loathe to fight back. Floods, droughts, storms, earthquakes—every violent weapon of nature—racked a poverty-stricken people. Mutely they accepted their miserable lot. It was the will of the gods, they said, and stolidly awaited the next disaster.

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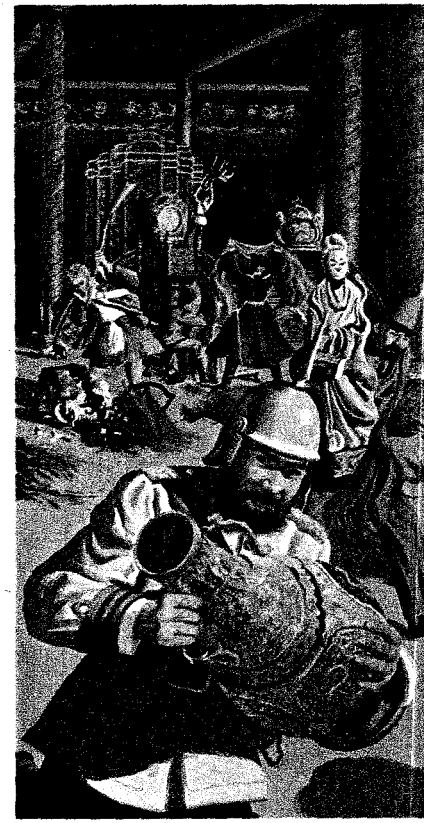

THE TURNING POINT came in the 18th century. In Europe, an industrial revolution was about to reshape the Western World. Traders and merchants, intrigued by tales of the fabulous Far East, sent their ships around Africa. But the Manchu emperors of China resisted them to the end: only one port was open to outside shipping; avarice and intrigue—on both sides—made clashes inevitable. Fanatical Chinese Nationalists attacked British vessels. Devastating wars wrung concessions from the Manchus . . . . . and the end was not yet. In 1900, a frenzied band of patriots called Boxers began a bloody campaign to "protect the country, destroy the foreigner." The German minister in Peking was murdered. The foreign legations were besieged. A joint force of the Powers battered its way to Peking, saved the foreign nationals trapped there, and looted the royal palace. In European capitals, statesmen wondered if the answer to the challenge of China lay in Western domination. The days of the Manchus were numbered.

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FROM CANTON to Peking, a magic word was in the air: reform. To stave off foreign control and internal chaos, merchants and students banded together. On a fall day in 1911, the revolt began. Soldiers mutinied at Wuchang: the news flashed from city to city. Jubilant Chinese cheered and cut off their pigtails, an age-old symbol of subservience. The decadent Manchu Empire crashed in ignominy. A quiet scholar named Sun Yat-sen, with brave hope and Three Principles—nationalism, democracy, livelihood—became head of the first Republic in the Far East. However, China's way was to be paved with tragedy and blood. Left-wingers, communist-inspired, rankled under moderate rule. Riots broke out across the country. With the death of Dr. Sun, the reform fire flamed high. An army officer, Chiang Kai-shek, took over the government and eventually drove the Reds back to Shensi Province. There they waited, a state within a state, content to let events run their course, ready to strike when the time was right.

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On September 18, 1931, a mysterious explosion rocked Mukden, a town in north China. Japanese soldiers guarding the South Manchurian Railway said a section of track had been destroyed. The incident seemed trivial, but it was enough to launch the Japanese on a vicious path of imperialistic aggression. Poorly equipped Chinese troops fell back. Chiang appealed to the League of Nations; Westerners rose to speak indignant words against the Japanese invasion. But while they spoke, Chinese died . . .

. . . Quickly the Japanese took all Manchuria, next the Province of Jehol. Then, in 1937, a few soldiers clashed near Peking. At once the Japanese seized on this as an "incident"—now they would extend their military occupation over all China. But to the Chinese, this was no incident but a war for survival. Japanese planes bombed defenseless cities. An army thirsting for blood marched on Nanking. Civilians were bayoneted, homes burned. Into the pages of infamy went the story of The Rape of Nanking.

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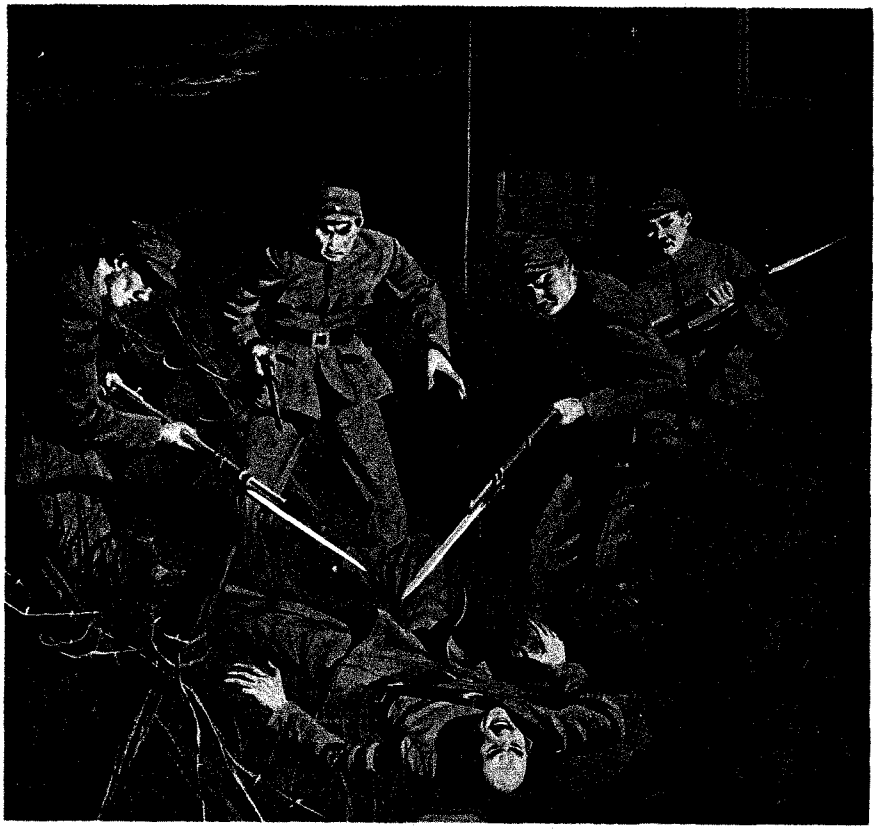

SOMEHOW, the Chinese fought on. From poverty and dissension, the people rose to a kind of stubborn, undeniable glory. In this, her darkest hour, China was a nation united. The transformation began in 1936 when Chiang Kai-shek, learning of unrest in Sian, flew southwest for a showdown with his commander. But instead of a conference, Chiang was confronted with mutiny: soldiers held him at bayonet-point. In a bare room, the Marshal of China listened to demands that he stop fighting the communists and unite China against the Japanese. Scornfully Chiang refused: "Hold me prisoner and I agree to nothing!" Days passed in fiery recriminations, threats, pleas. In the end, the mutineers surrendered to Chiang's iron will and the Marshal was freed. China rejoiced. Catastrophe had been averted, but it now seemed that, in defense of the homeland, all China would rally to Chiang. Meanwhile, in Shensi Province, the communists prepared to fight the Japanese, but their eye was on the day after tomorrow.

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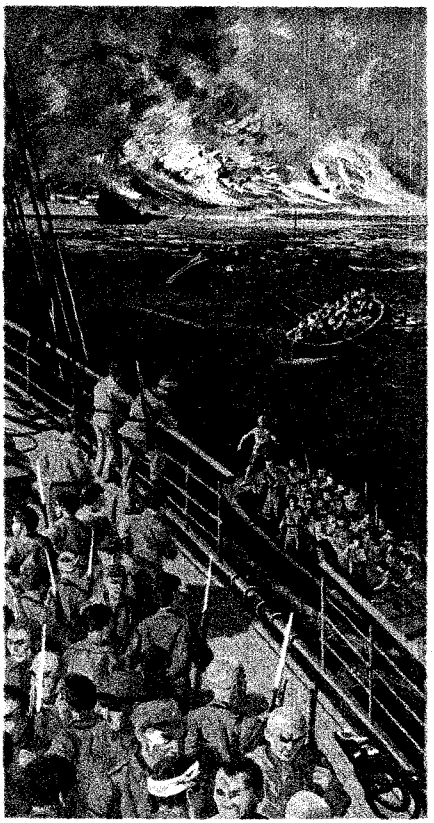

FOR EIGHT bitter years, China fought on until, at last, World War II brought Japan to her knees. But with triumph came fresh turmoil as civil war broke out. Strengthened by the Russians, the Reds fanned out over China. This was their moment. Nationalist troops, tired, ridden by corruption, fell back. By 1950, there was only one retreat left for Chiang. From burning seaports, small boats and large carried his beaten troops to the Island of Formosa. There they would bide their time—and hope.

ON THE MAINLAND, the Chinese farmer waited, too: this was the time for golden promises to be fulfilled. Then, with bewildering suddenness, the communists were in the field again, this time against the United Nations in Korea. Did the farmer know that this was but another moment of tyranny to be endured, until, like the reigns of the warlords and the Mongols, it passed? When it did, the world prayed that the farmer and his 450,000,000 countrymen would at last solve the challenge of China.

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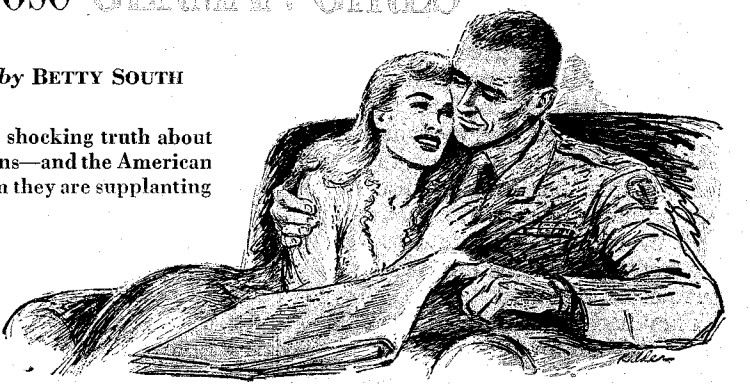
Why GI's Prefer Those GERMAN GIRLS

by BETTY SOUTH

Here is the shocking truth about the Fräuleins—and the American wives whom they are supplanting



THE ARMY TRANSPORT was on her way to New York from Bremerhaven, loaded with officers and their dependents, War Department civilians, GI's, alien brides, and American children born in Germany.

The voyage was boring: Army transports aren't much fun. The only way to pass the days is to talk. So Julia Norfield and I talked.

"Is your husband still in Germany, Julia, or did he go home ahead of you?" I asked.

"I'm one of those Fräulein widows," she said.

"You?" I exclaimed. It was hard to believe. Julia had taffy-colored hair. She was full of sparkle and wit. Her clothes were smartly expensive and fitted her trim figure perfectly.

"You're wondering what she had that I haven't got?" countered Julia. "Well, that's what I'd like to know, too. And what hundreds of American wives in Germany would like to know. What do these girls have that makes a man like my husband ask for a divorce?"

Her husband was an Army officer. They had been married almost 25 years and had two grown children. The son was with the Occupation Forces in Germany: the daughter was engaged to an Army officer. Captain Norfield had been assigned to duty in Germany in 1945.

"I should have thought the military would have kept them from living together," I said.

"The Army condones this thing, Betty. Top officers are doing it. A close friend of my husband's refused to help me. He wouldn't do anything on my behalf because he's living with a friend of hers himself. The Army doesn't care."

How familiar it sounded. Another American husband stationed in Germany, happily married for years, forsaking country, wife, children, even deserting the Army it-

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self, to live in comfortable sin with a German woman. In my mind, I counted all the others I had known about in my three years with the Occupation Forces in Germany.

First, there had been the boss of one of my best friends. This colonel had been sent to Germany in 1945, and lived in happy sin until 1949, when his wife took the bull by the horns and insisted that she join him. When she arrived in Germany, it did not take her long to discover that he had a young Fräulein. She tried everything she knew to win him back, but in the end returned to America, defeated.

They had been married some 20 years and had an attractive daughter, just out of finishing school. His wife and daughter begged him, reasoned with him, wept. But he was determined to get a divorce and stay in Germany with his "Erika."

Then there was the American educator, a man of intelligence and ability, who in 1947 took his family to Germany. Two years later his wife and children returned to the U. S. because they could no longer bear the humiliation of his open affair with "Hildegard."

I remembered a young Army civilian, formerly a combat M. P., who had a wife and two children in the States, but who had never returned from Europe after the war. He was living with a Fräulein in a couple of rooms over a cheap tavern. His wife had to take legal action to get child support from him. He wasn't embarrassed or ashamed: he was concentrating on just one thing—how to stay in Germany with "Ursula."

And there were countless other instances. It was an old story to me after three years. It didn't seem to matter what kind of men they were or what their station. Officers, civilians, educated, ignorant—American marriages in Occupied Germany were collapsing left and right because of the German Fräuleins.

What did they have that the American women lacked? Was it just a natural result of any occupation that made the conquered women throw themselves at the conquerors? Or was it really something basic that the American wives failed in that made their men such easy prey to German women?

I had heard it hashed over many times by the American bachelor girls employed by the Occupation Forces. Most of them dismissed it as just out-and-out sex. "They're prostitutes, that's all," I had heard them say. "No self-respecting American woman would sleep with a man for a carton of cigarettes."

Of course, this reasoning might have answered for some of the bachelors and confirmed woman-chasers. But it did not solve the problem of the married man who was breaking up his family, or the young Americans who were living quietly, unmarried, with their German girls and raising German-born babies.

For a carton of cigarettes they had bought family responsibility. Their pay checks were now going for toys and baby milk instead of nylons and lipsticks. And the boys were contented. They wanted to keep on living with their girls.

It was not as if there were no American girls to date, either. Our Occupation Forces employ thousands of American girls. But these same girls who were calling the Fräuleins bad names were sitting

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alone in their billets on week nights, and going to the GI movies in groups of five or six on week ends. It was a rare thing to see an American bachelor out for a night with an American girl.

MY THOUGHTS had raced through all this while Julia stood at the porthole, watching the green sea hiss and boil away from the side of the moving ship.

"Was she pretty, Julia?"

"I only saw her once. But all the gossips said she wasn't."

"Well in that case, I guess it's not looks," I said.

"No," she answered, "it's not. Why, some of these women couldn't get to first base in America on their looks or figures! Have you seen the alien brides on this ship? Do they look like charmers?"

I had to admit that they did not. Yet, Julia had found out that two of them had married divorced Americans—divorced after the men had met the girls.

Julia turned from the porthole. "I met a colonel in the lounge last night. He's been stationed in Berlin for three years and he's going home to get a divorce and go back and marry his Fräulein. Let's ask him in here for a drink. Let's try to get him to give us an American man's viewpoint on these Fräuleins."

So the colonel came, and he was worth listening to. "I think I can tell you what you want to know," he began, after Julia had put the question squarely before him, telling what had happened to her marriage. "European women—not just the German Fräulein, but European women in general—make a man feel comfortable. I don't mean just by putting his pipe and his slippers by his chair. My wife always did that in Detroit. She was a good cook, too, and she was interested in my success. I mean something else. They give a man a feeling of ease. He isn't under a strain with a European woman."

"What kind of strain do you mean?" Julia asked. "I never noticed that my husband was 'strained' in my company."

"Perhaps you couldn't see it, Mrs. Norfield. May I speak frankly?"

"I want you to," Julia answered eagerly.

"I think it's quite possible that your husband was under a real strain with you. I've watched you in this lounge. You're an attractive woman. Any man would notice you. You look expensive. But when I first saw you, I thought to myself, 'Now, there's a gal who can take care of herself. I'll bet none of these jokers fool her.' You see, I didn't have the urge to come over and sit down by you because your air of self-sufficiency scared me.

"I wonder if your self-sufficiency wasn't a little tough on your husband sometimes? I wonder if he didn't often feel that he wasn't too important to you?"

A frown crossed Julia's face. "If you mean by that, did I ever put on the clinging-vine act, the answer is 'no.' Is that the secret of the European woman? Does she play smart and look and act dumb so you great big men will feel even greater and bigger?"

"No, that's not it, Mrs. Norfield. She doesn't have to act. She really feels that way. She is dependent on her man. You see, our highly prized 'American way of life' has made

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our women aggressive and hard. You are not truly feminine any more. You've lost your *gentleness*.

"You want to be 'smart'—and you've gotten hard. In your determination to be independent and to compete with men, you've sacrificed your *womanliness*. When a man is with a woman, he doesn't want to *compete* with her."

"He wants to be lord and master, is that it?" Julia's voice was cutting.

"If you want to put it that way, yes. There is that in a man which must feel that he's dominating a woman. In fact, it's absolutely necessary for most men. Do you find that thought irritating? Certainly, after years of marriage, this isn't a new proposition to you."

"Oh, it's not new. I went through 30 years of it. I practically knocked myself out letting him think he was the boss."

"There," said the colonel, "you've touched the center, Mrs. Norfield! You 'let him think' he was boss. But you knew he wasn't. Deep down in his subconscious, he felt it too. Yet he didn't realize it until he went to Germany and experienced what it is really like to live with a woman who is content to be just a woman, and who thought he was wonderful because he was her man.

"She didn't try to make him over. She took him as he was and built her life around him, so that they became like one. Such an experience fills a man with happiness and a sense of importance that he won't give up."

I was ready to chime in by this time. "Wait a minute, Colonel," I said. "Isn't the real reason American men prefer European women that they wait on you body and soul? Don't they polish your shoes, run your errands, make all your bargains on the black market, protect you from chiselers among their own people, cook only for your taste, go only where *you* want to go, make the house to please you, and give you sex however and whenever you want it?"

He thought for a moment. "Yes, I suppose that's true, as far as it goes. They spoil us."

"Servants—they're just your servants!" Julia Norfield snapped. "Do you think any American woman in this day and age would kowtow to a man like that?"

He chuckled, but his eyes were wise. "That, Mrs. Norfield, is your answer to why American men are deserting their wives to live with foreign women. Waiting on a man's personal needs is only an outward manifestation of the way they feel about men. *You* get no pleasure out of waiting on a man. *You* think it's out-of-date. You want him to wait on you. That's where your European sister beats your time.

"She *likes* it. She doesn't have a false sense of what you call 'self-respect.' She has, instead, a sense of intimacy with her husband, of belonging to him and of his belonging to her."

"Don't you feel a little like a heel, asking your wife for a divorce so you can go back to Berlin and marry this girl?" Julia prodded, unimpressed.

"In a way, yes," he answered. "But I'm 49 years old, Mrs. Norfield, and life is short. I want what I've found. I never experienced the peace with my wife that I've had with this woman. I didn't know it was possible to have such compan-

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ionship and love, and to live entirely without strain and tension. So I've decided I owe it to myself to fight to keep this. And I'll pay any price."

"No matter who may get hurt?" Julia finished for him.

"Yes."

"And what you've told us is how the rest of these men feel?"

"That's as near as I can come to telling you, Mrs. Norfield," the colonel said. "But now—I've talked too much. Good night . . ."

AFTER THE COLONEL left the lounge, Julia and I just sat there, thinking a lot but saying nothing. It hadn't been much fun, listening to this man who spoke with such quiet assurance, but there was no denying the grim truth of some of the things he had told us.

Suddenly I remembered a conversation at the Enlisted Men's Club in Bremerhaven, a few nights before we sailed. As an American hostess, I had been talking about German women with a GI—a young Oklahoman who had been in Germany two years and who was living with a Fraulein in a bombed-out, crowded apartment house.

Jim's words had closely paralleled those of the Colonel. And after he had told me why he preferred the German girls, I had said: "So our struggle back home for equality for women was all wrong, eh?"

"No, I don't say that," Jim had replied. "I just say all those 'rights' as you call them are turning American women into something that a man isn't comfortable with. You know, Betty, two people never could get into one pair of pants . . ."

Now, sitting in the quiet lounge with Julia Norfield, I realized the true significance of Jim's words. Had American girls really forgotten the secret of love?

If they had, then it was an ominous threat to the peace and happiness of homes scattered all over that wonderful land to which this Army transport was returning.

Old Man Experience

AT SUPPER, Grandfather announced that he had misplaced $50 from the check he had cashed that afternoon. After Grandma had simmered down to a steady rumble about his many faults of character and habits, he and his grandson escaped to the front porch.

Glancing at the disturbed face of the youngster, Grandpa said:

"Now, don't you worry. I can find where I mislaid that money in four or five days, and it isn't exactly a lie. In the meantime, your grandmother'll have herself a good scold at me, and that always perks her up. And she'll give the house a good reddin' out, which it needs. And by the time I put my hands on that money again, that golderned sale'll be over. She was fixing to buy a coat she doesn't need.

"A man has to use his head—his tongue's no good against a woman." —*Wall Street Journal*

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Death in the Underpass

I WAS ONE of those who got there right after the accident. The small convertible looked like a tin can that had been run over by a streetcar. The man who was driving had been killed instantly.

The traffic report read, "Cause of accident, unknown."

That was the first time. The second accident was about two months later. I wasn't in on it but one of the boys told me about it.

by DUSTY RHOADS

as told to LEO GUILD

What was causing the shocking accidents? The eerie answer will amaze you!

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The queer thing was how much alike the two accidents were. I don't know what the statistics are on the number of people who go through the underpass every day, commuting, but it's a lot of people. And out of the thousands of cars going through that underpass in the space of a couple of months, two were wrecked at about the same time of day—right around sundown—and within inches of the same spot.

The second time, it was a woman driving a coupé. She died on the way to the hospital, but she was conscious long enough to say she had tried to get out of the way of a truck speeding toward her in the underpass. The police department made a thorough check but nobody knew anything about a truck heading the wrong way on a one-way street into the underpass.

In both accidents, analyses were made to determine whether the driver had been drinking. There was no trace of alcohol in either case.

Finally, the second report read the same as the first: "Cause of accident, unknown."

In the third accident, a man driving a station wagon crashed into the left wall of the underpass, just like the other two cars. But the girl riding with him lived and they got her story: "A truck, a big one, driving head-on toward us. Coming the wrong way into the underpass. We both saw it at the same time. I screamed and Johnny stepped on the gas and turned left—fast—to get out of the way!"

There were lots of suggestions and theories about what had happened. A popular one was that a maniac with a mad urge to kill was staging the accidents. That seemed pretty farfetched, but nobody came up with anything better.

I thought about it a lot. And one night, at sundown, I drove through the underpass. I tried to duplicate every condition of the accidents—the time, the fog drifting in from the valley, the deepening dusk.

As I started up the incline toward the underpass exit, I let out a yell. There it was! The truck!

With a screeching of brakes I swerved left, narrowly missed the wall, and streaked through in a space just large enough for my car.

I stopped then, right there, and looked back. There were no other cars behind me. And no truck!

But as I looked ahead again, I saw across the street, through the opening of the underpass, a huge billboard advertising motor trucks! The dying sun was behind it and its shadow, caught at just the right second of fading light and drifting fog, fell against the inside wall of the underpass.

It was a cutout of a truck, driving head-on!

It Was Bound to Come to This!

A TRAFFIC POLICEMAN, about to tag an illegally parked car, paused to examine a small white card stuck behind the windshield wiper. It read: "This Vehicle is the Property of the Federal Government. Traffic Tickets Must Be Prepared in Five Copies."

—DAVID M. CLEARY

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The Red Tape That Saves Time

by NORMAN SKLAREWITZ

An ingenious recording device is playing an ever-greater part in our everyday lives

ONE EVENING last summer, a battered sedan pulled up to the curb on Chicago's tough South State Street. The driver remained behind the wheel, watching the open door of a corner poolroom.

A few minutes later a pasty-faced man sauntered out and leaned against the building. The figure inside the car beckoned to him.

An instant before he reached the open window of the car, the driver reached beneath the dashboard and flicked a switch. The faint whirring sound that followed was concealed by the busy street noises.

But the furtive conversation that took place during the next four minutes was to rock the nation. Politicians and police officials throughout the country were prodded into action by the mumbled words uttered there in the garish red glow of a corner neon sign.

The driver was Perry "Skee" Wolfe, young radio reporter for station WBBM. Concealed in the trunk of his car was a small tape recorder with a microphone hidden by the radio grille. The man who stood facing him was a "pusher," a vicious dope peddler.

Ten heroin tablets and half a can of marijuana were exchanged and every word of the sordid transaction was captured on the spool of spinning brownish-red tape. In that chance meeting, Skee Wolfe proved that dope could be had on almost any street in the city.

About the same time, halfway across the world in Korea, a grimy radio correspondent was crouching behind a boulder with two GIs.

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Through the early morning mists, the soldiers watched for signs of enemy concentrations. They spotted a target and called back a fire order to the 105mm artillery batteries behind them.

As they did, the reporter snapped on a portable tape recorder and prepared to capture the tense sounds of battle. As the tiny red ribbon wound through the machine, shells began to whine overhead. Then came the angry crack of rifles and machine guns as UN soldiers rose from their foxholes to join the attack.

When woven into the fabric of the documentary radio series, *Hear It Now*, these battle-front sounds stirred the people at home. They also helped win CBS commentator Edward R. Murrow the coveted Peabody Citation.

Since their development following World War II, tape-recording machines have played a time- and labor-saving role in virtually every phase of American life. Today they are being widely used in business, education, police work, and the professions. Recorders have been fired into the stratosphere, taken to the South Pole, carried with paratroopers on Korean combat jumps, and packed into remote jungles of South America.

A typical example of ingenious family uses for tapes was reported from Milwaukee. There, a working couple decided to give their young son piano lessons. After a few months without noticeable progress, they wisely concluded he was giving baseball more attention than music. But neither parent was home to check on the boy's assertion that he really practiced.

Then his father got an idea. He set up a tape recorder next to the piano. Now the budding pianist must present an hour's practice recording each evening.

Farmers have found they can raise egg production by playing recorded music in henhouses. Salesmen on the road use recorders to file reports for the home office. And educators have accepted the widespread use of recorders in both teaching and school administration.

The Minnesota Department of Education, under a system originated by R. C. Brower, has inaugurated "Tapes For Teaching," a program built around a library of more than 1,000 master tapes. On these are lectures, discussions, dramatic presentations of historical events, great works of music with appropriate commentary, and special forums and round tables conducted by civic and social leaders.

Minnesota schools have only to send in blank tapes to the Recording Library of the University of Minnesota to receive back, free, a copy of the particular program desired—at a cost per pupil of only 2.8 cents a year.

Churches, too, now utilize recording machines in a host of practical ways. In a small community in Iowa, regular services are recorded each Sunday morning. Immediately afterwards a member of the congregation sets out with a player to ride a modern "circuit."

First stop is a lonely farmhouse where an elderly couple meets with a bedridden friend. They read the prayers, sing hymns along with the choir and organ and, in the quiet of the tiny room, listen to the words of their religious leader. Farther

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along the road there is a stop at a home where illness has struck. And once the tape was played in the maternity ward of a hospital, where a proud young mother heard the services that included a blessing for her new baby—and a prayer for his soldier father.

ALTHOUGH HOME-TYPE tape recorders were not on the market in America until 1947, the first magnetic recorder won the grand prize at the Paris Exposition of 1900. Steel tape was later used for a BBC broadcast of King George V's New Year's Day greetings in 1930.

Last winter, one maker of tape initiated a world-wide program of "Talking Letters" in conjunction with a recorder manufacturer. The morale program was designed to make possible the exchange of recorded messages between servicemen and their families.

Friends and relatives of men in uniform merely have to step into a dealer's shop and, without cost, are invited to make a "Talking Letter" on 100-foot lengths of tape. Service clubs and post exchanges in turn were equipped with machines for the playback. Then the soldier, sailor, marine, or airman can turn around and, using the same tape, record his answer to the "letter" from home.

The principle of magnetic recording is simple. The microphone merely changes sound into a series of electrical impulses. These go through a magnet in the recording "head" of the machine. As the ribbon of tape travels across the magnet, the iron-oxide coating is magnetized into sound patterns by the impulses. When the tape is played back (which can be done immediately), the invisible, permanent magnetic patterns are transformed electronically back into the sound you hear through the loudspeaker.

Most home-model recorders are no larger than a portable typewriter and cost between $99 and $189. Larger professional models cost thousands of dollars. Smallest unit yet devised is no larger than a binocular case. It was designed by a Chicago manufacturer for use in combat reporting.

Recording machines were no sooner on the market than law-enforcement agencies began using them to fight crime. In Dodgeville, Wisconsin, alleged confession of a first-degree murder was played before a jury as part of the testimony. In Oklahoma City, the State Criminal Court of Appeals made an historic ruling that recordings of a suspect's voice are acceptable the same as any other evidence.

Private detectives in Oakland, California, even used a recorder to catch a man suspected of poisoning dogs in a fashionable residential district. According to newspaper reports, they made a record of a dog barking and hid the machine in the woods near a home.

During the night they turned the speaker on full volume, and waited. Soon afterwards, a car drove up and parked with lights off. A man got out, took a small package from the car, and threw it toward the sound. Detectives leaped out of the darkness and nabbed him. The package contained the same poisoned meat that had killed several dogs in the neighborhood.

In Syracuse, police rigged a belt recorder to help cut accidents at

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street intersections. The player is wired to traffic lights. Each time the signal changes to red, the machine loudly "warns" jaywalkers to wait on the curb until they get the green light.

Because the quality of reproduction with tape is so high, and because it can be edited and erased, many popular radio programs are now broadcast by recording instead of "live." This gives the producer an opportunity to edit the show to fit exact time limits. What's more, the best of several songs or comedy routines can be selected and spliced into the final show.

The prize for the strangest sound yet captured on tape goes to Herbert Jacobs, farm news editor of the *Capital Times* in Madison, Wisconsin. One hot, humid evening last August, he and some friends from the faculty of the University of Wisconsin gathered in a 100-acre stand of corn on the university's experimental farm. With them they brought wind gauges, microphones, and a tape recorder. Then the group proceeded to make a recording which, if you ask them today, they will swear contains the authentic crackling sound of good Wisconsin corn growing.

Candid Comment

People who say that you cannot fool nature, have never watched a beauty-shop operator at work.

The dress that worries a man the most is the one his wife doesn't like —after he has paid for it!

A dream is often a nightmare if you catch her minus her make-up.

What a person doesn't know does not hurt him, but it gives his friends something to talk about.

Scandal is a 50-50 proposition—50 per cent of the people take pleasure in inventing it and the other 50 per cent in believing it.

Nothing stops a wife's tears more quickly than a husband who pays no attention.

Nowadays, when boy meets girl Dad has to double his allowance.

A has-been is a person who lives on the reputation of his reputation.

If you have an idea that children don't know the value of money, try giving a nickel to a kid!

One thing that makes you sort of hesitate to part with the old car is the price of a new one.

Some women look on a new husband and an old house in the same way: they don't see it as it is but as it will be when remodeled.

Boxers are not the only men who take a lot of punishment and come up for more. There also are bigamists. —*Wall Street Journal*

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IN THE FALL of 1944, my only son, in training at Camp Crowder, Missouri, called me at my home in a small Iowa town.

"Mom, I'm getting a week-end pass. Can you meet me in Kansas City?" he said excitedly, and I knew with a sinking heart that he was ready to "ship out for overseas." I told him I'd be there Friday and would arrange for rooms.

The minute he hung up I began to worry. I had never been in Kansas City, didn't know the name of a hotel there—to say nothing of the fact that hotel accommodations were practically unobtainable, particularly over week ends. I worried most of the night before I had my inspiration.

In the morning I sent a special-delivery letter to a man I didn't know and never had seen, explaining the situation and asking his help. On Thursday morning I received a telegram saying there would be two rooms available upon presentation of the wire.

When I arrived the next day I found that we had the best adjoining rooms in the best hotel in the city. When my son came in later in the evening, he exclaimed, "Mom, how did you do it?"

No one was more surprised than he when I explained how it had been made possible by the kindness of the busy mayor of Kansas City to someone he didn't know and had never even seen.—BLANCHE BAILEY REED

TO "CRUDDIE," otherwise Dr. Elinor M. Caruthers, the most desirable thing in the world was a home. The reason was obvious—for more than 25 years, her only "home" was the small dormitory suite in the Pennsylvania college where she taught modern languages and art appreciation. Her rooms, packed with treasures collected on her annual trips to Europe, were a quiet haven where friends and students often dropped in to relax or share a cup of tea brewed in her old Stratford teapot.

She was often quite lavish with gifts to her friends—a bit of Irish lace, an odd piece of Italian jewelry, a handkerchief from Paris, a Swiss wood carving, or most often a colored print of an old master purchased at some gallery in Europe—and her friends came to know and share her love for fine paintings. Many commissioned her to buy prints for them abroad, and their homes became miniature art museums of their own favorites.

"Cruddie" has gone now to her heavenly home, and her beloved possessions are widely scattered among friends. Her numerous gifts to me are becoming family heirlooms. One day my young daughter begged permission to collect in her own room a group of the smaller pictures from our treasures. That would have pleased "Cruddie." So through the passing years the cultural influence of "Miss Chips," who had no home of her own, lives

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Linings

on through her gifts to others, enriching the lives and homes of all who knew her. —Mrs. J. Geyer Cook

THE LITTLE GIRL stood at a busy street intersection in a Midwestern city. She wasn't more than eight years old but she was big enough to go to the grocery for Mother, and that morning Mother had needed a lot of things. She could hardly see over the sack she carried in her arms as she started across the street. In the middle of the intersection it happened. First the brown sugar toppled over the edge, and when she bent to pick it up the tomatoes rolled out; then a can of peas and a can of soup got into the game. In the midst of this the light changed, and the child hurried back to safety.

Setting the bag on the curb, she waited her chance, then darted into the street. She got the sugar and one tomato before a car bore down on her. It was close, but she made it. Now to get those others—even little eight-year-olds know the value of groceries today.

She started into the street again, ducked back as a big truck thundered toward her followed by a whole pack of other cars. They couldn't all miss those groceries. But to her amazement the truck stopped, holding up the line of cars behind it. More than that, the driver, who wasn't much more than a boy himself, climbed down from the cab. Was he going to take her precious groceries? He was picking them up. Now he was beckoning to her. And he was saying, "Tough luck, sister, better make two trips to the store next time."

Standing by his truck until she regained the curb, he touched his hat in a quick salute and drove on.

Most stories would end here, but not this one. The boy had proceeded only a couple of blocks when a motorcycle officer drew alongside and motioned him to the curb. Was he going to get a ticket for delaying traffic on a busy morning? Indeed not. The officer merely wanted to commend him for his act of courtesy.

Who says virtue is always unrewarded? —L. M. Stalker

IT HAPPENED in Miami, Florida, the town where gamblers and crime have been widely publicized, along with its wonderful weather.

The businessman had parked his car for the day in the usual parking lot. As he walked toward it after work that evening, he noticed a folded piece of white paper tucked under the windshield wiper. When he unfolded the paper, three one-dollar bills fluttered out.

On the paper was written, "Sorry—broke your taillight." There was no signature, no identification.

How many hours the money had been tucked away there under the windshield wiper in its conspicuous white-paper covering was anybody's guess. —*Christian Science Monitor*

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LOUISVILLE
Brings Culture to its People

by GRANT HUBLEY

A far-reaching adult-education program has created a ferment of intellectual activity

IN LOUISVILLE, Kentucky, an extraordinary cultural revolution is taking place. Using its Free Public Library as a hub, the city has activated a program of mass adult education which experts describe as "second to no other municipal program in the country."

Today, a good percentage of the town's 400,000-odd citizens, regardless of race, creed, or age, are avidly studying in unique Neighborhood Colleges, attending Television Town Halls, hearing symphonies they have never heard before, and entering into a maze of intellectual activities which have converted the city into a cultural center.

The expansive program of Louisville's University of the People—which any city can copy—began back in 1947 with the Great Books Discussion Groups. The "Gateway to the South" was duly proud of being the first city in that region to adopt the University of Chicago's plan for organizing groups to study the philosophies of the Western World. The books program was highly successful, but Chief Librarian Clarence R. Graham, former president of the American Library Association, was not satisfied.

"What about all the people we can't get to join the Great Books groups?" he asked Mayor Charles Farnsley. "What about those who are more interested in music, or dancing, or who would like to know what's going on in the world if they could only see it—say in free movies? If we believe in democracy, we believe that, with education, people will think right."

The mayor immediately transferred money from the Municipal Bridge Fund surplus to the Library, and Graham went to work. In short order, the Neighborhood College plan was formulated, and Dr. Woodrow Strickler, director of adult education at the University of Louisville, set up a schedule of nightly courses for neighborhood

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libraries. Soon, grownups were walking only a few blocks from their homes to classes in natural and social sciences, literature, and music.

Most students express unstinted gratitude for the opportunities presented them. "Back in my younger days," says a diminutive, gray-haired grandmother, "no one encouraged girls to attend college. Why—it's the most interesting and rewarding thing I've ever done!"

One of the plan's most ardent enthusiasts is a 45-year-old former salesman for one of Louisville's huge tobacco plants. With only a grade-school education in the Kentucky mountains, he had held his job capably for 22 years, but had been passed up repeatedly for promotion —for two very good reasons.

"I couldn't quite speak the King's English," he says, "and I couldn't handle men at all, probably because I didn't understand them or myself very well. In 1948, I took two courses—English, and the Psychology of Human Relations—and they were just right for me. I have little doubt that they were in a big way responsible for my promotion to assistant sales manager last fall."

Next, the Library installed a 16-mm sound projector in each branch and three in the main building, and bought more than 600 films.

Louisvillians are also enthusiastic about the Library's unprecedented use of television. As soon as a local station began telecasts in November, 1948, the Library purchased two large viewing sets for its main building and one for each branch.

Because of the large number of children in the TV audiences, student supervisors were hired. They were soon christened "television sitters" and, for a time, several members of the Library board expressed suspicions that "we are paying sitters' fees for negligent parents."

For two nights the TV rooms closed their doors to minors. "But we had hundreds of phone calls," says Graham. "Irate parents said they were taxpayers, that the Library was public, and that their kids had as much right there as anyone else."

The doors reopened to the children and haven't closed since.

ALTHOUGH THE LIBRARY is municipally supported, it also derives income from rent. A nonprofit organization called The Louisville Fund helps support the Art Center Association, the Louisville Children's Theatre, and the Louisville Dance Council—eliminating individual canvasses for these departments of the University of the People.

The Louisville Orchestra has assumed one of the most integral roles in the University's activities. It presents in the branch libraries a regular "Introduction to Music" series, designed to give people an understanding of the various sections and instruments of an orchestra, including the history of each instrument.

These weekly lecture-concerts are given by conductor Robert Whitney, who accepts his full schedule with a smile. "I've been authorized to commission five composers a year," he says enthusiastically, "to write original compositions and conduct them in Louisville as world premieres. This not only attracts new talent but acts as an incentive to young composers here."

To supplement his education-by-neighborhood-infiltration plan,

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Chief Librarian Graham installed a direct-wire system connecting the Library with branches and 38 outside agencies so that teachers could illustrate their material with transcriptions, such as those of the CBS "You Are There" series. He then began buying many Library of Congress transcriptions and placed a standing order with a local dealer for every long-playing record release of serious music.

Recently, the Library obtained a license to operate the first public library-owned radio station in the world, and in February, 1950, it began beaming more education and culture into Louisville homes. The new station, WFPL, was greeted with enthusiasm, and Graham is now talking of supplementing home education-by-radio with home education-by-television. He thinks that demonstrations of scientific experiments, and how-to-do programs, are particularly suited to this means of presentation.

The Library is converting an old school building into Louisville's first real natural museum—and with traveling attractions: when school or neighborhood college groups want special exhibits to illustrate their studies, the museum will furnish them on the spot.

Graham envisages for the future University of the People a 20-story skyscraper in the center of downtown Louisville—the main Library to occupy the top floors, the rest of the building to be rented to business and professional men—"especially to young lawyers and research people who can't afford their own libraries but who could certainly use one, right above them."

If the new building gains approval of the city fathers, the University of the People will be giving another boost to America's long-neglected adult education. "But don't think we're underestimating the importance of educating our children," Graham interjects. "It's just that I believe, along with other educators, that we haven't time to wait for another generation to come along and save the world. We've got to give people who are grown up and running things today every bit of education we can."

From the looks of things, Louisville's University of the People is doing just that.

Getting the Bird

A RECENT CEREMONY in Moscow's Red Square took an unexpected turn when hundreds of pigeons, portraying peace, were released from the top of the Moscow Hotel while motion-picture cameras recorded the scene.

The unexpected turn came when from all over the Square the hungry citizens of Moscow began chasing the plump white symbols of peace. And behind the good citizens, chasing them, were the stalwart members of Stalin's police.

—*Voice of America*

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THE FACE OF GREATNESS

by LOUIS REDMOND

Photographs by YOUSUF KARSH

MAN IS many men. He is a laugher and a weeper, hunter and healer, warrior and bird watcher, thief and saint. He slashes down a forest and cultivates a rose. He explodes a mountain that stands in his way, and lovingly polishes a pebble to wear on his finger.

Perhaps it is because he is many that man has been able to live at all. The burly explorer may owe more of his boldness than he knows to the words of some pale poet. The supersonic man, jet-propelled among the planets, is bound by a strong thread to the miner creeping through the dark veins of the earth.

Man is one and he is many. Here are a few of his faces.

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JAN SIBELIUS

ONCE THE EARTH was rock, and the rock became soil, and the soil became life, and a bird appeared and sang. Somewhere in this great face is the secret of that improbable event: of how all heavy, mute, immovable things found motion and a song.

Jan Sibelius is 86. He has lived to hear himself acclaimed as one of the great masters of the symphony. If Beethoven himself were alive today, he could expect no greater reverence.

But Sibelius receives few visitors. In Finland he lives as lonely as a mountain. Deep behind the brooding eyes are nearly a century of memories of the proud struggle against oppression, both Finland's and man's. And from these, durable old Jan Sibelius still makes music.

Music is for truths before language and beyond it. The meaning of this face is best expressed in the vast poems of sound that have been born behind it, in which some people hear the tread of ancient folk heroes, and some the beat of the sea, and some the passion of the gale, and all hear the voice of some soaring thing that will not stay imprisoned under the lifeless rock.

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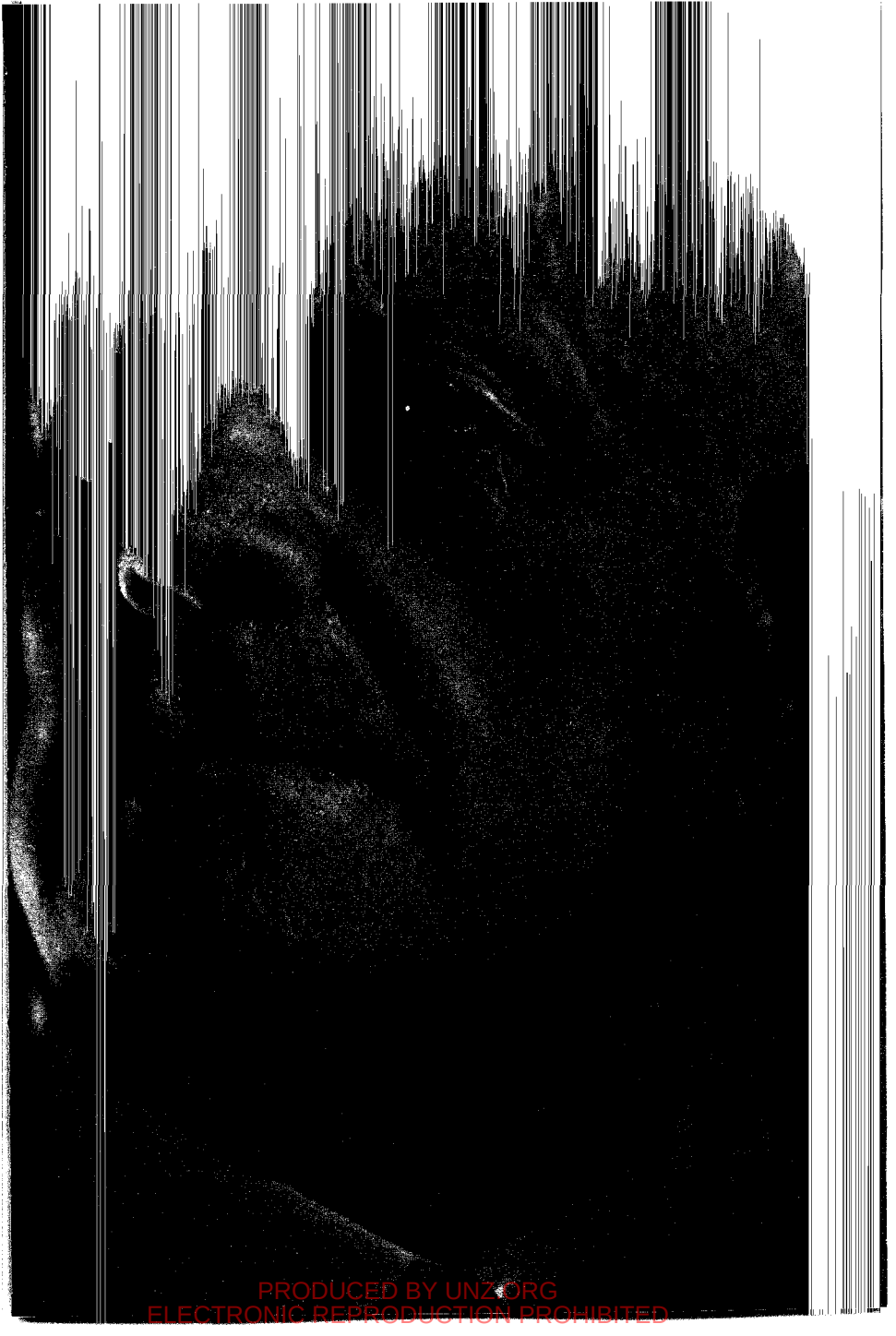

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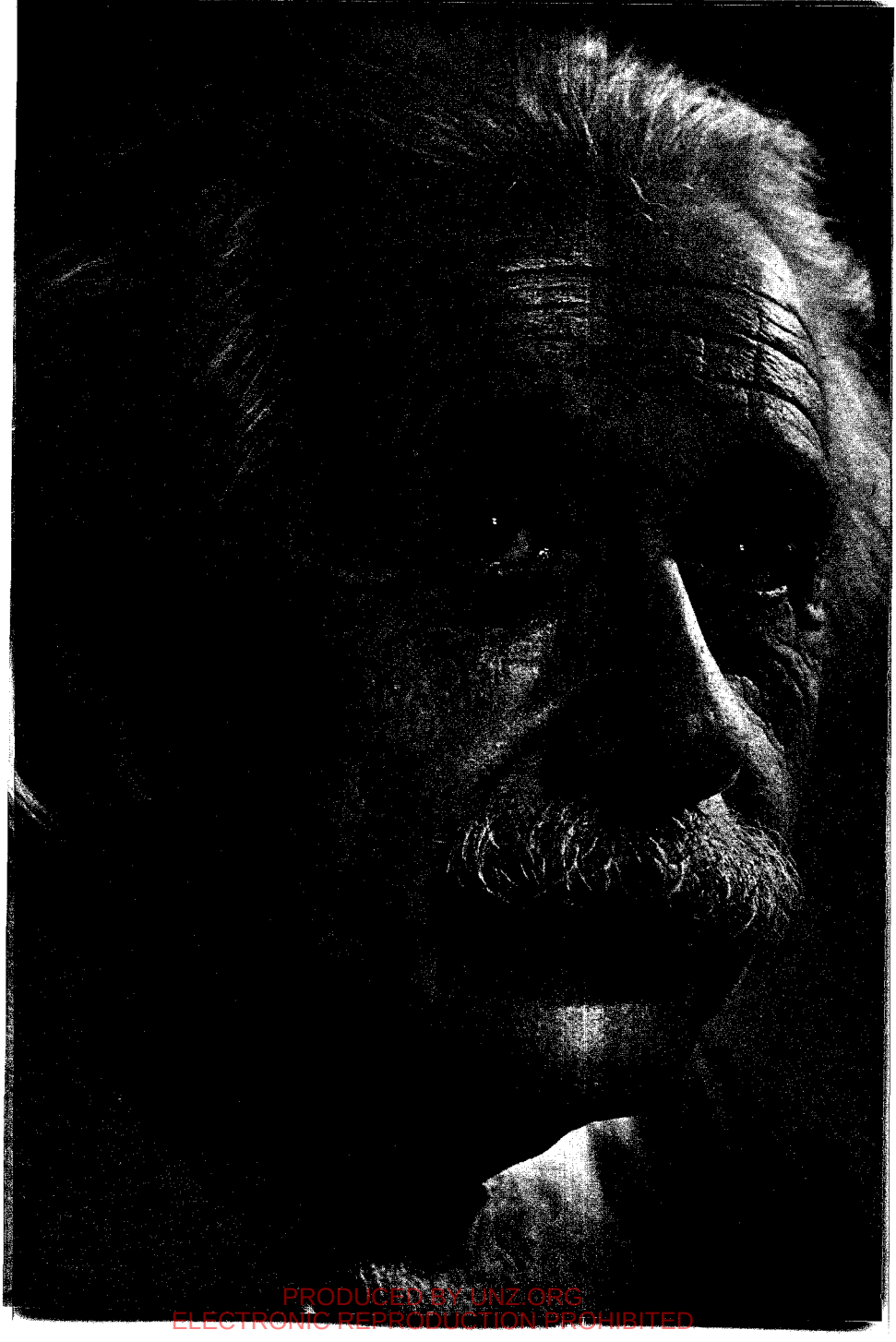

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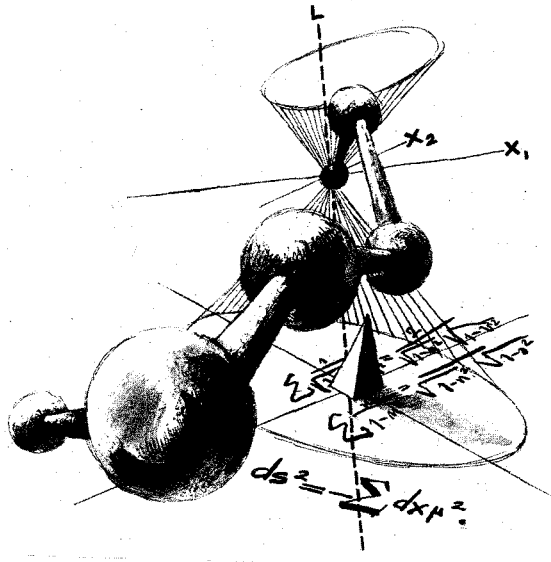

ALBERT EINSTEIN

THE EYES are those of a child asking, "Why do the stars shine? What's above the sky? What number comes after the biggest number there is?"

Albert Einstein wandered through the universe asking a thousand wide-eyed questions. In time he came down from the sky with the look of one who had been answered. He brought us news of created things that was so momentous, so different from what had been supposed, that he could tell it only in the wordless language of mathematics.

Most of us cannot follow him there. For us the meaning of Einstein remains in this face, where the wondering child and the ancient sage work and play together in perfect understanding. We recognize here our nameless ancestor who gave us the secret of fire, who told us what makes things grow, who helped us to feel at home in the world by piercing so many of the uneasy mysteries. To this face of man which always turns its innocent round eyes toward the unknown, we are indebted for everything we know.

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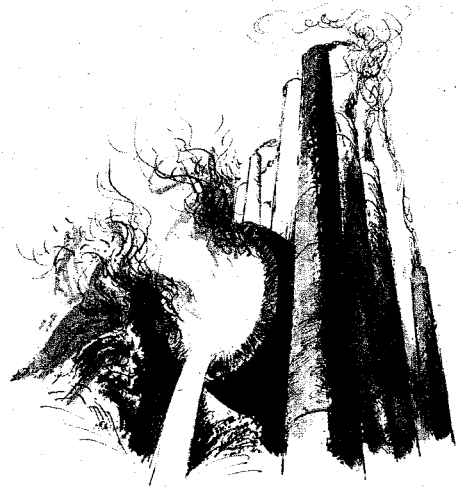

BENJAMIN FAIRLESS

IN THE MORNING of life, a man dressed in animal skins might have looked this way as he waited, club in hand, for the spring of a saber-toothed tiger. A hundred years ago it could have been the face of a man leading a wagon train into new land, or punching a railroad through stubborn mountains. It is the face of a voyage around Cape Horn, of a smash through the center, of a home run with two out and the bases loaded. In our time, it is the face of Benjamin F. Fairless, maker of steel.

Son of a coal miner, Ben Fairless began his working life as a civil engineer for a railroad. Fifteen years later he was president of a steel company. In ten years more, he had made himself boss of the world's largest—the United States Steel Corporation. To young men now entering business with this look in the eyes, with this set of the jaw, he says: "Seize your opportunities."

What are the rewards of the Doer? "No Diesel yachts, no racing stables," says Fairless, who earns better than $200,000 a year. Business fills his waking hours. Many of his nights are spent on sleepers, rushing from a job done to a job waiting. Sometimes he finds an idle hour. Then the man of steel kneels among his flowers and tries to help them grow. That, too, is in the indispensable face of greatness.

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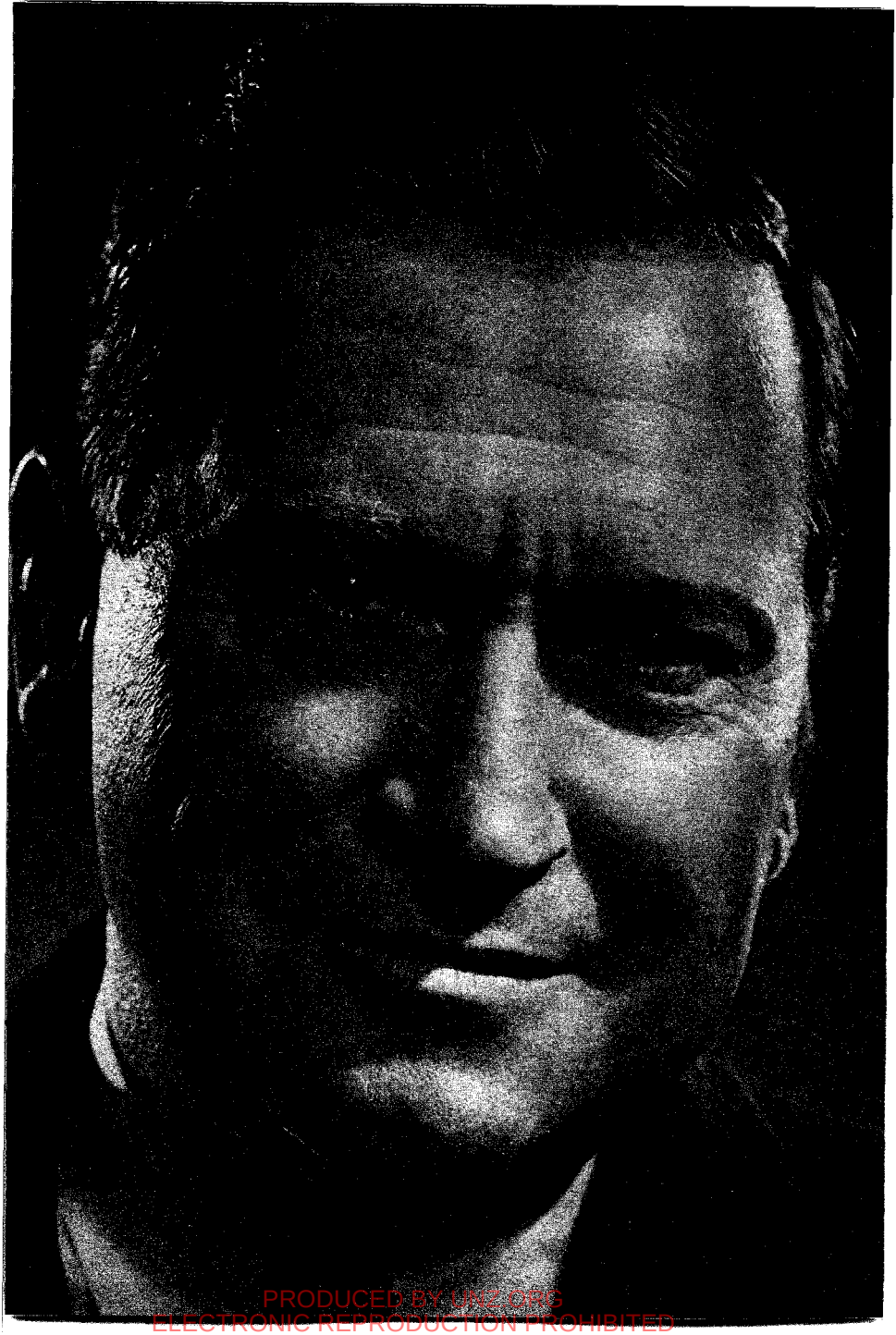

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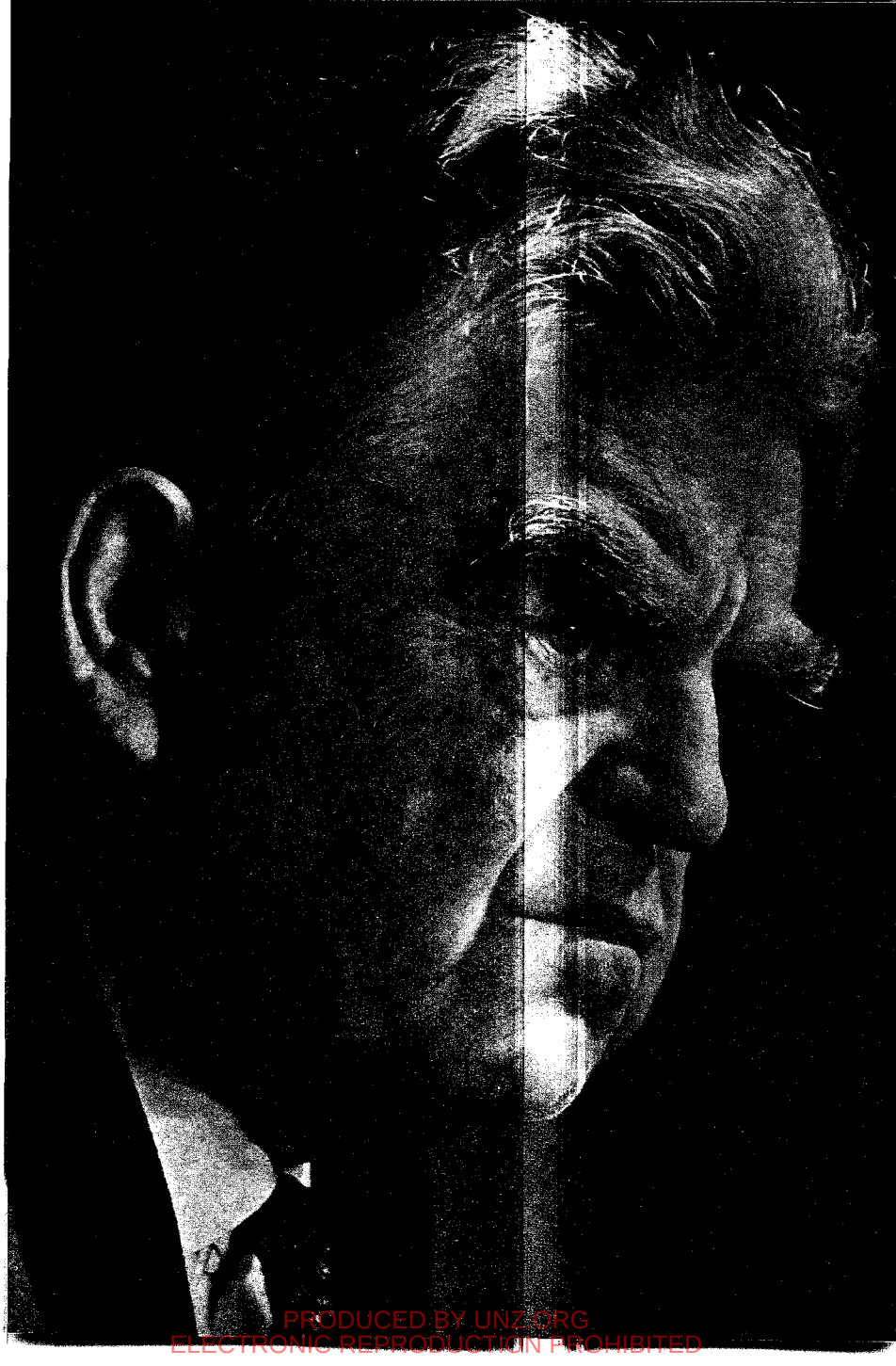

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JOHN L. LEWIS

THE LION and the fox meet under this craggy and secret brow. This is the hunter's face—wary, fierce, and inscrutable, the eyes brightly watchful, nostrils scenting the wind, ears sharp for the smallest crackling in the brush. It is the face of the great solitary carnivore always ready to attack or defend, formidable in both.

With his instinct for the time to prowl and the time to spring, John L. Lewis might have been a brilliant general. He has chosen to use his gift in the field of labor organization. And just as the mightiest hunter of the tribe in time becomes its chieftain, so Lewis has drawn followers by his prowess at bringing down the quarry.

Most of the public photographs show a man interrupted as he hurries somewhere, intent on his own plans and growling as he goes. The features are clenched like a fist. He does not smile or try to please. He defies Presidents and public opinion with indifference. The hunter does not care to be loved. He lives in a world without softness, inhabited only by those who pursue and those who are pursued.

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WINSTON CHURCHILL

SOME FACES are causes of history. The fate of ancient Troy, we are told, turned upon the accident of a smoky look in the eyes of a woman called Helen. It is possible that the Second World War might have ended less fortunately for us if Winston Churchill had not been gifted with a face that is incapable of looking discouraged.

Churchill is a man with an incurable twinkle. No leader in recent times has had more to worry about, or has appeared less worried. He has a quality that is rarer and more contagious than mere courage. He has a downright jauntiness in a tight spot. During his blackest moments he seems to be enjoying himself thoroughly.

It is natural that, in times of low spirits, most Englishmen should want Winston Churchill in the highest place in their government, where they can see him and be cheered. There is something about his presence that revives memories of hearty English dinners and good brandy and Drake defeating the Spanish Armada. His oratorical style, in which stately old words like "toil" and "peril" and "glory" march about in their half-forgotten radiance, can make a drab modern battle seem like an episode from Homer. He gives trouble a halo of majesty.

There must have been faces like his before, or we would not be here to appreciate this one.

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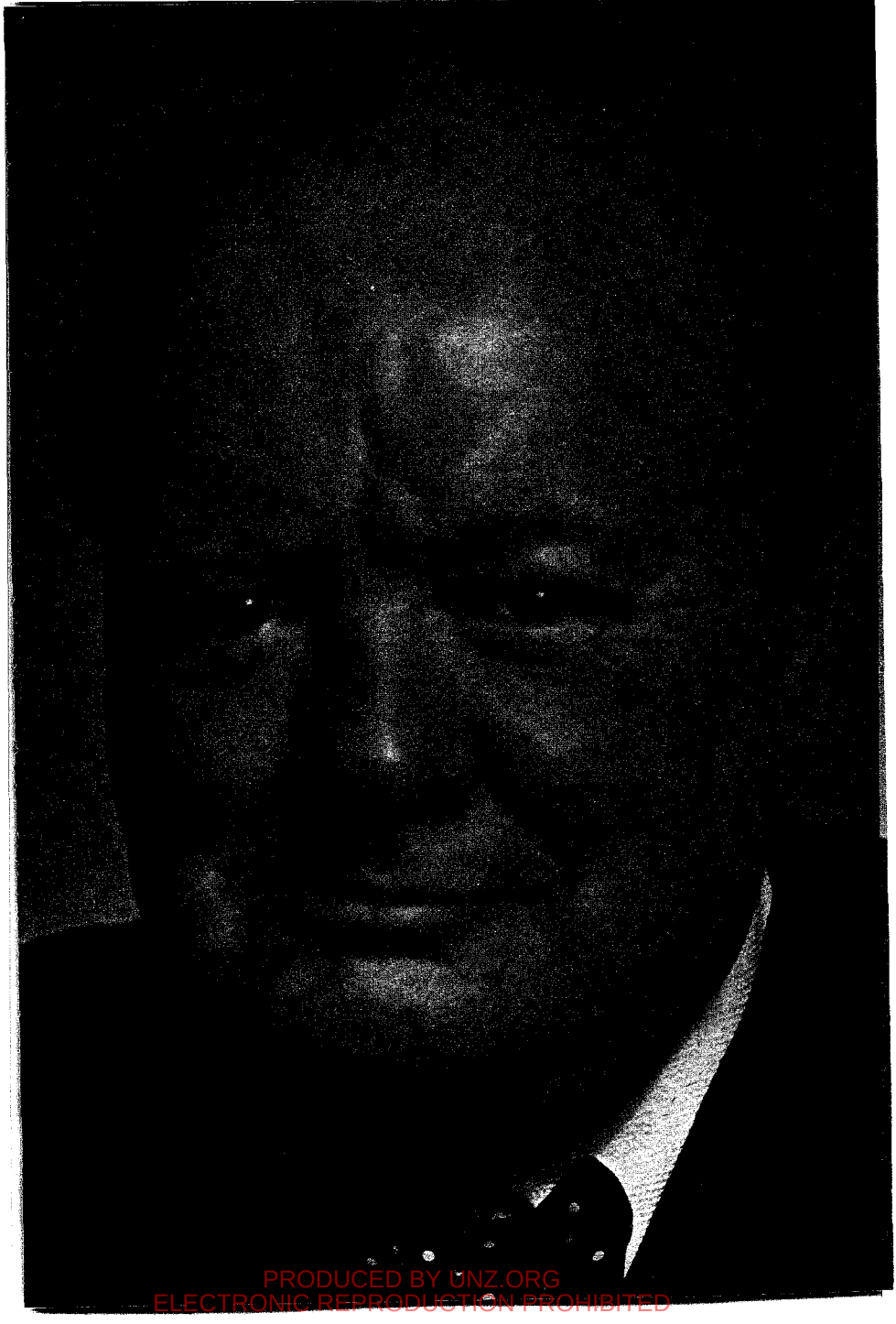

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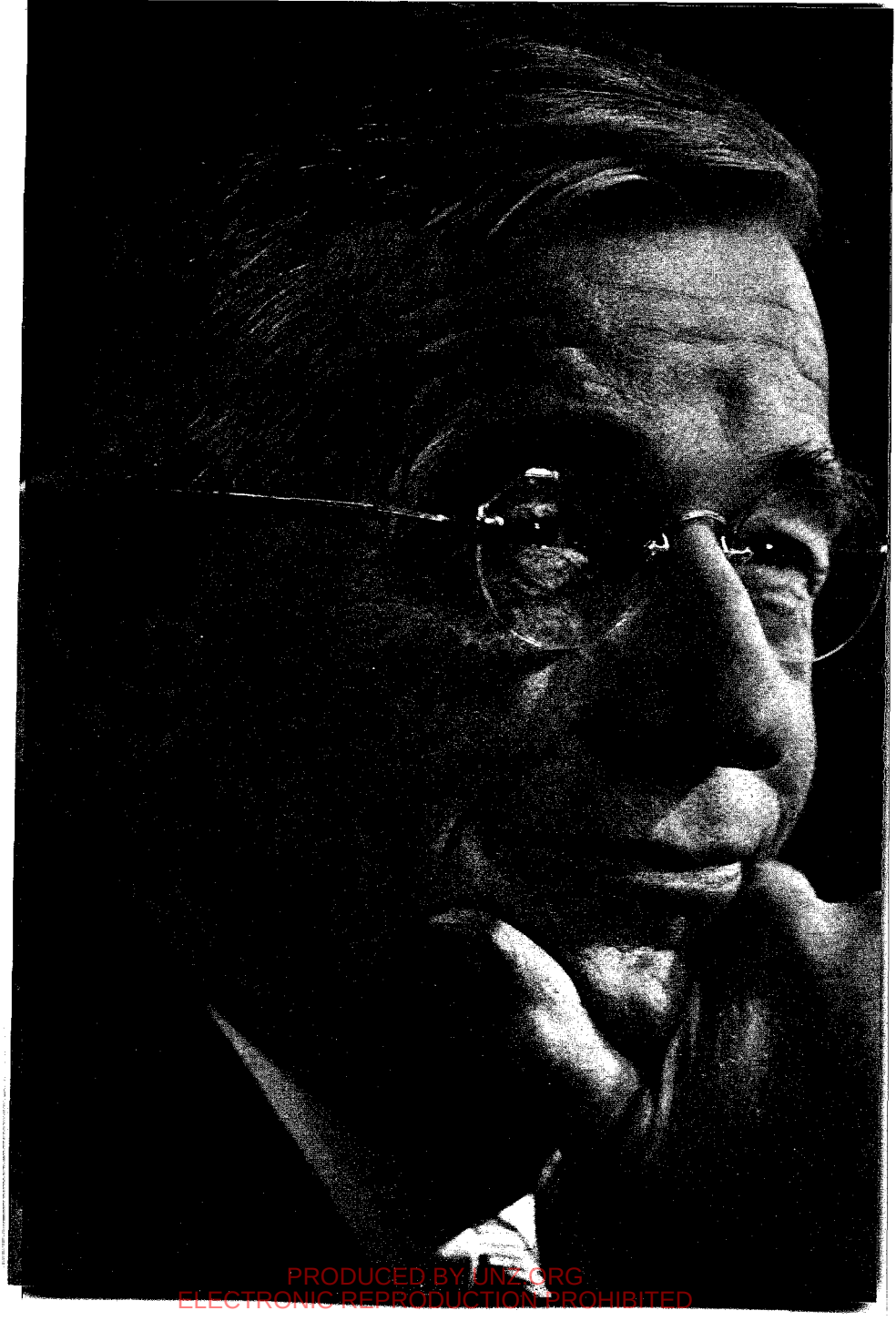

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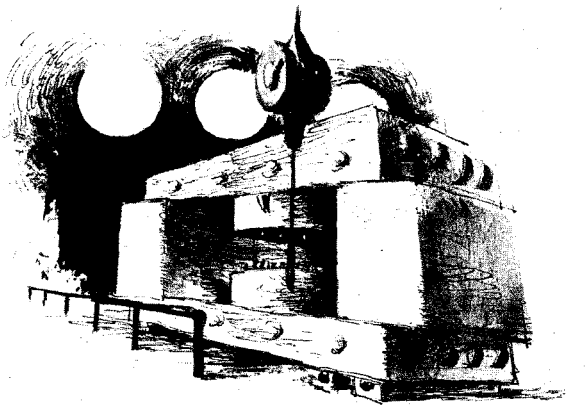

VANNEVAR BUSH

IF YOU lost your wallet in a strange town and had to borrow a dollar from a passer-by, you might choose a man like this. For this is the face of a kindly, comfortable, and approachable man, who has probably lost a wallet himself at some time while fishing in his pockets for a tobacco pouch. He reminds you of somebody—Will Rogers? Uncle Sam? Anyway, you've seen this face before, and it belonged to a man you liked.

There are many who believe that this is the face of one of the most important men in America. Vannevar Bush is his name. The scientists who worked on the atomic bomb got to know him well. He was their boss—as keen a scientist as any of them, and better than most at stretching a budget or cooling off a general. Today, most people who see the future safety and prosperity of America in terms of co-ordinated scientific research look to Vannevar Bush as the man to pull it all together.

It is interesting that Mister Science looks so much like Mister America. If this is the face of the hydrogen bomb, it is also the face of a boy who pumped the organ in his father's church, of a man who quotes Kipling and Omar Khayyam by the yard, who tinkers in his cellar workshop, who plays the flute and weaves baskets and fools with cameras and breeds guppies, and whose favorite invention is a gadget that protects songbirds from pigeons, not by killing the latter but by dumping them good-humoredly off the perch.

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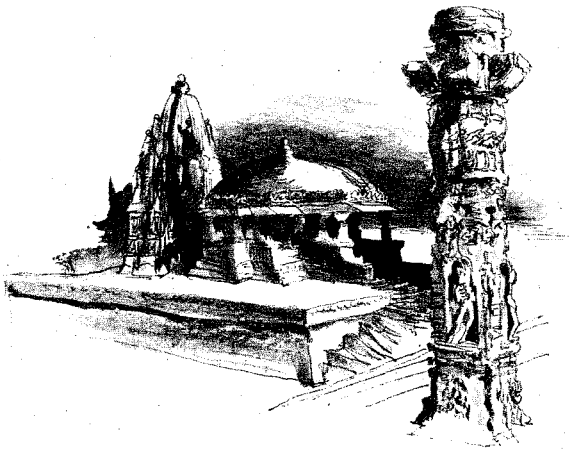

JAWAHARLAL NEHRU

WHERE HAVE we met him, this man with a face like a beautiful, sad tune?

Was he the man who stood by himself at the noisy party, who answered agreeably when you spoke to him but was never really there? Was he an actor we saw playing Hamlet? A romantic walker along the beach, with a book of verse in his hand? A troubled lover in a novel we read a long time ago?

Jawaharlal Nehru is all of these men. That is why it is both surprising and natural to find him leading the slow climb of India's yearning millions. Because he was born wealthy and distinguished, he devotes himself to the poor and anonymous. Because he feels uncomfortable in a crowd, he longs to restore dignity to each of its individuals. Because he loves quietness, beauty, and peace, he spends his life among turbulence, squalor, and struggle. He is a man troubled by the difference between what he sees in the world and what he sees in his mind's eye, convinced that he must lessen the difference but not always sure whether the vision or the reality must give way.

This is that wistful face of man where wish and fact listen to each other's arguments, and go away half-convinced.

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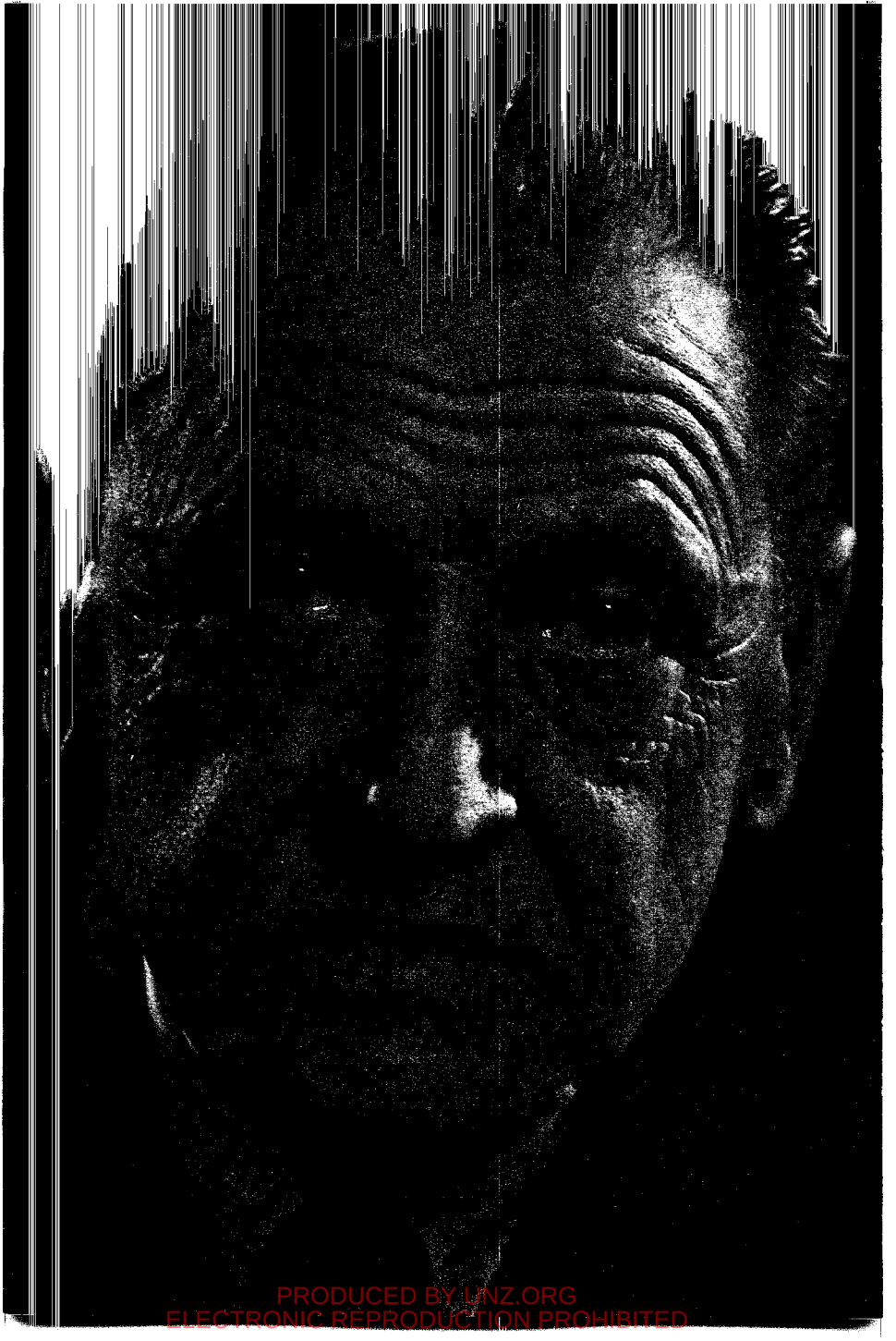

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SOMERSET MAUGHAM

HERE IS THE FACE of a man who has seen everything, and has seen through it, and has not ceased to love it.

The eyes are without illusion and without bitterness. They have been moved to tears more than once, but will not be again. There is a laughter in the mouth still, but it is not too ready or too loud. The mouth cannot forget the eyes. And the eyes have seen that laughter is not all.

It is the face of Somerset Maugham, teller of tales, who remained unmoved while critics called him a shallow writer, and is unelated now that they call him a great one; who revealed, in *Of Human Bondage*, how well he knows those painful deformities from which no one is free; who noted drily, in *Miss Thompson*, the weakness to be found in the righteous and the virtue to be found in the sinner; and who showed, in *Quartet* and *Trio*, how circumstance plays curious games, sometimes amusing and often not, with the creatures of this world.

A long time ago a man sat writing the book which we call *Ecclesiastes*. "I returned and saw under the sun," he wrote, "that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, neither yet bread to the wise, nor yet riches to men of understanding, nor yet favor to men of skill; but time and chance happeneth to them all . . . All things come alike to all: there is one event to the righteous, and to the wicked; to the good and to the clean, and to the unclean; to him that sacrificeth and to him that sacrificeth not . . ."

This could have been his face—eroded, composed, undeceived, undismayed—perhaps the last of the faces of man.

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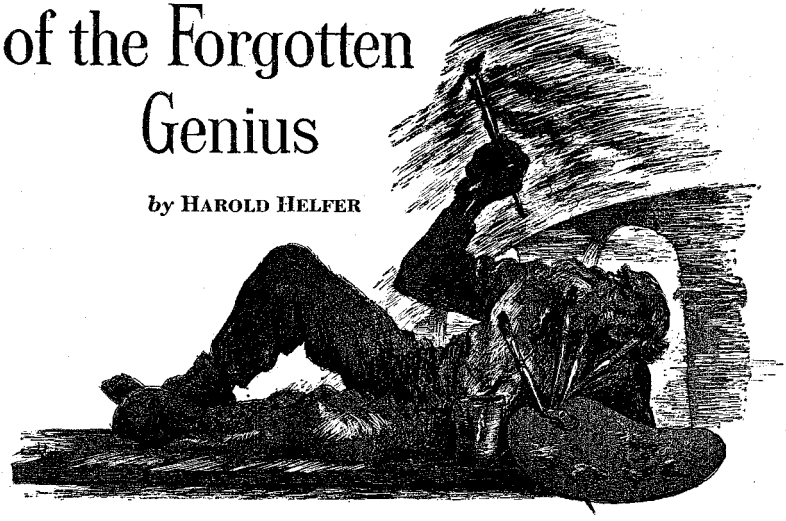
The Case of the Forgotten Genius

by HAROLD HELFER



The story of "C. Brumidi, U. S. Citizen," is a saga of devotion to his adopted land

TECHNICALLY, it is Public Law 596, Chapter 432, H. R. 5943. But it should be called something much more romantic and dramatic, something like "The Case of the Forgotten Genius." Few bills passed by Congress have ever encompassed such an entrancing story of mystery, detecting, and determination, or a more wonderfully poetic climax.

This bill was passed in 1950, but the story begins 14 years ago. A couple from Tempe, Arizona, arrived in Washington, D.C. They were Mr. and Mrs. John R. Murdock. He was the new Arizona congressman. It was the first time Mrs. Murdock had been to the Capitol and, like many another citizen, she found herself taking a guided tour of the Capitol building.

As a former schoolteacher, Mrs. Murdock found the contour of the building almost as familiar as the neighborhood store back in Arizona. Nevertheless, Mrs. Murdock, petite and gray-haired, was enthralled by the wonderful murals that adorned the walls inside.

Especially was she held spellbound by the glorious scenes from mythology that had been painted on the inside of the Capitol dome. The whole concave—nearly 5,000 square feet—had been given over to this bold, graphic work of art. Even from the floor 180 feet below, the figures looked startlingly real and life-size.

She asked the guide about the artist. "Brumidi," he told her. "A man named Brumidi."

"I never heard of him!" exclaimed the ex-schoolteacher.

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Mrs. Murdock soon discovered that Brumidi's murals and canvas paintings, always boldly conceived and carried out with a sure, vigorous hand, were everywhere—in corridors, in committee rooms, in the frieze of the rotunda.

Most of the pictures portrayed the supreme moments of American history; the people were the great figures of the nation—Washington, Franklin, Hancock, Clay, Jackson.

The Congressman's wife was deeply impressed. It wasn't only that all this vast amount of work had been done with consummate skill, but there seemed to be such fervor and devotion behind each brush stroke.

The work of art that touched her most was the huge mural of Cornwallis' surrender to George Washington, in the chamber of the House of Representatives. And scrawled in one corner was the signature—"C. Brumidi, Artist, Citizen of the U. S." There was something stirring and inspiring about that "Citizen of the U. S."

SOON MRS. MURDOCK found herself thinking insistently about Brumidi. Who was he? She asked various people she met in Washington, but they merely shrugged. Finally the little gray-haired lady went to the Library of Congress.

About Brumidi, she found little. There was a booklet published in 1866, called "Description of Allegorical Painting by Brumidi Within the Canopy of the Rotunda." It told of the mythological scenes and characters painted inside the dome, but it said very little about the artist himself.

Then there was an old pamphlet with general information about the Capitol. And a few lines were reserved for Constantino Brumidi. They related that when Congress, before commissioning him to do his art work, asked what pay he wanted, he replied: "I am no longer interested in fame and fortune. My one ambition and my daily prayer is that I may live long enough to beautify the Capitol of the one country in the world in which there is liberty."

Mrs. Murdock read all the Library of Congress had to offer about Brumidi—and she was convinced that she could never rest until she resurrected this fervent artist from the shadows of neglect.

If she could somehow contact his family . . . if he had had a family . . . but there were no Brumidis in the phone book or the city directory.

By searching through old newspapers, she did discover that the artist had died in 1880. A short obituary mentioned that he had married his model.

Constantino Brumidi had been dead for some 60 years. Might there be someone still living who remembered him? But how to ferret out such a person in a city the size of Washington? Mrs. Murdock took to stopping elderly residents in the street, in stores, in movie lobbies. Did the name Constantino Brumidi mean anything to them?

Then the congressman's wife had an idea. The cemetery! If she could find his grave, perhaps that would lead to something . . .

Now she began making the rounds of the older District of Columbia cemeteries. The caretakers took out their records, turned musty pages, and shook their heads. That

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is, until she came to Glenwood Cemetery. There the caretaker suddenly paused as he perused a faded, yellowed page. "Here he is," he said. "Constantino Brumidi Plot 70, site 6."

The gray-haired woman felt a strange thrill. Some four years had gone by since she began the Brumidi quest. It had been an elusive, baffling trail. And now at last—well, it was almost as though she were about to stand in the presence of a ghost . . .

Almost trembling, she walked across the cemetery grounds with the caretaker. There it was—a plot with a rusty iron fence around it, and a tombstone in one corner. But the name on it was "Germon." Site No. 6 was an opposite section of the plot. It was unmarked. Even at the very end, Brumidi had been neglected.

Germon? She knew that that was the name of his model, but she could uncover no Germon family around Washington.

Continuing her search through old newspapers, records and documents, little by little Mrs. Murdock began to accumulate data about Brumidi. He had come to this country in 1852, a political refugee from Italy. There had been an uprising—one version was that Brumidi had been a captain and had refused to order his men to shoot into a crowd—and as a consequence was thrown into prison. After 14 months in jail, Pope Pius IX, a friend of the artist, had secured his release and told him to flee the country.

There was no doubt that Constantino Brumidi had found the freedom of America an inspiration from the beginning. He worked almost incessantly on his Capitol murals and paintings for a quarter of a century. He had started his outpouring of art at the Capitol when Millard Fillmore was President, and he kept at it during the administrations of six succeeding Presidents.

For his efforts—he was sometimes paid by the day, sometimes by the job—he averaged a little more than $3,000 a year, not a very munificent sum for a man whose heroic-sized portraits are the crowning glory of the Capitol's interior. But there were no indications that Brumidi worried too much about the financial side. It was clearly a labor of love.

To paint the mural inside the dome, he had to lie on his back on a scaffold, 180 feet off the floor. And it must have been painstaking work—done in fresco style, with colors mixed into the wet plaster as the dome was being completed. And Brumidi was approaching 60 when he finished the job.

The artist was working just as indefatigably when he reached his 70s. He had conceived the idea of painting 15 historical American scenes around the frieze of the Capitol's rotunda, 58 feet above ground—and his one great dream seemed to be that he should live to finish it.

It was not to be that way. He had finished six of the magnificent murals and was working on his seventh when he lost his balance on the scaffold. Somehow, the old artist found enough strength to hold on for several agonizing minutes until workers were able to rescue him.

He never quite got over that experience, although apparently he never lost hope that he would someday be able to resume his art work

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at his beloved Capitol. Unable to stand up anymore, he continued working on sketches and ideas while sitting in his studio. But before he could do anything about them, death came along.

Every now and then, Mrs. Murdock found herself going to the cemetery to look at the forlorn, unmarked grave. There was something brooding and melancholy about it. Then one day she got a notion. That lonely looking iron fence—she would paint it.

She brought a brush and paint, got down on her knees, and went to work. Soon she became aware of a pretty young woman standing nearby. "Why are you painting that fence?" the newcomer inquired.

"Why do you ask?"

"This is my family's plot."

So it was that, at long last, the little lady from Arizona, her hair now snow-white, found herself in the last stages of her quest. Mrs. Murdock went home with the pretty young woman. Her name was Mildred Thompson and she was a great-grandniece of Lola Germon, the model Brumidi had married.

The family album revealed Constantino to be an imposing-looking man with a flowing beard. Lola, who had died in 1918, was a strikingly beautiful woman. She had obviously been the inspiration of many of the women who graced the walls of the Capitol.

At last, Mrs. Murdock found her story of the "Michelangelo of the Capitol" coming to a close. And yet, not completely so. For, you see, there's Public Law 596, Chapter 432, H.R. 5943—a bill introduced by Congressman Murdock to provide a marker for the Brumidi grave.

He asked only for $200, and although such things aren't popular these days, Congress, having been made aware of the Brumidi story and of the magnificent heritage he had left behind on the walls of the Capitol, doubled the appropriation and provided a fund for taking perpetual care of the grave.

So, more than seven decades after his passing, thanks to a little white-haired lady who never knew him but couldn't forget his genius, some recognition has at last come to Constantino Brumidi, the artist who found both freedom and inspiration in the Capitol of his adopted land.

Fun at the Mint

F. LELAND HOWARD, associate director of the Mint, amuses his friends with this hocus-pocus.

Write down your age, multiply by 2; add 5, multiply by 50; subtract the number of days in the year (365); add loose change in your pocket under $1, and finally add 115.

Result: your age and your cash in pocket. (If you are 42 and have 37 cents, the answer after all the arithmetic is 4237).

Yes . . . Howard says it also works if you're broke. —*Pathfinder*

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THERE'S A MAN in Miami Beach who likes to stand on the beach and drive golf balls into the Atlantic Ocean. He figures it's the most enjoyable—and cheapest—way to polish up his golf shots. Damaged balls cost him about two cents each, so a day's practice comes to around $1.

Once an elderly couple saw him teeing off and asked if the balls were real. He said "yes," and the old man watched him in silence for ten minutes or more. Finally he turned to his wife and exclaimed: "I *told* you these millionaires were all crazy!" —HY GARDNER

SEVEN TIMES a persistent young playwright brought to Charles Frohman an impossible farce, slightly rewritten after each submission, and seven times the celebrated producer rejected it.

"Once and for all, the play won't do!" Frohman stormed. "There is no need showing it to me again!"

"But isn't there some way you can put it on the stage?" the playwright pleaded.

Frohman reflected a moment. "There is one way," he admitted, "but you wouldn't care for it."

"Oh, I'd submit to anything to get my play on the stage!" the eager playwright declared.

"Very well, then," said Frohman. "We'll just grind it up and use it as a snowstorm."

A SELF-TRAINED battalion of rough backwoodsmen volunteered to General Grant for service in the Civil War. The General admired their fine physique, but doubted the capacity of their elected commander to handle them.

"Colonel," said Grant, "I'd like to see your men at work. Call them to attention and order them to march with shouldered arms in close formation to the left flank."

"Boys!" shouted the Colonel. "Look wild thar! Make ready, thicken, and go left endways. Tote your guns! Git!"

The maneuver was a success, the battalion was accepted, and the Colonel got his commission.

—ROBERT WALDEN

AT THEIR MORNING pep conference, a Chicago bookseller announced enthusiastically to his staff of salesmen: "Men, I've ordered 300 copies of *What Every Expectant Mother Should Know*—and I'm counting on you boys to create a demand for them." —BENNETT CERF

COACH BILL DICKEY tells this story about the former Yankee pitching star, Lefty Gomez:

"Gomez was pitching for the Yankees one day and I was catching. The Athletics had two on in the last of the ninth of a tie game and Jimmy Foxx was at bat. Well, you know Jimmy. He looked big enough to drive a ball into the next county, and often did. Sometimes he hit Gomez pretty hard, too.

"Well, Lefty stands out there

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COMEDY

looking down at me, shaking off every sign I give him. He doesn't want a curve. He doesn't want the fast ball. He doesn't want a change-up. So I walk out to him and say: 'Okay, wise guy. Suppose you tell me—what do you want?'

"He looks me straight in the eye and, as serious as can be, says: 'Let's just wait a little while longer. Maybe somebody will want him on the telephone.' "

—Ed Rumill (*Christian Science Monitor*)

After the young minister had finished his sermon, he took his place at the door to shake his parishioners' hands. He noticed that there was a stranger in their midst, so as she walked up to him to shake hands, he said: "I am very glad to see that you are attending our parish. Would you tell me your name and address?"

"No, thank you," she replied. "I already have a steady fellow and I don't think he would like it if somebody else butted in."

—*Arkansas Baptist*

Thomas A. Edison was notoriously absent-minded. They tell the story that one afternoon he got off the train at Orange, New Jersey, well pleased with himself, because for once he hadn't forgotten a thing. He had counted and checked his baggage, he had looked over his belongings carefully, and everything was there. Picking up a couple of bags, he had started down the platform when the ticket agent, an old friend, asked: "Sure you haven't forgotten anything, Mr. Edison? You didn't leave anything on the train by any chance?"

"No! Not this time!" Edison assured him. Then, casually glancing toward the train, he gave a startled exclamation, dropped his bags, and started on a run back to the car he had just left. For at the window he had seen the face of his bride of two weeks!

—Luby Pollock, *Your Normal Mind* (Wilfred Funk, Inc.

While the United Nations headquarters was still at Lake Success, the Admissions Office received the following query from California: "I intend visiting Lake Success this summer. Ought I bring a bathing suit?" —Betty Stones in *U. N. Worl*

A family which had lived abroad for many years came back to the United States to put their children through an American high school. Many things were strange but one of the strangest was the way the girls dressed.

One Saturday night the wife was leaving the local super-market with her husband when a teen-age couple strolled by, dressed identically in blue jeans, loose shirts, and sneakers. The woman stared after them aghast and finally said to her husband, "How on earth do you ever tell which is the girl?"

"That's the easiest thing in the world. The one with his mouth shut is the boy." —*Wall Street Journa*

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"Toronto Calling!"

by RICHARD S. LEWIS

Beware the voice from across the border offering you a chance at easy riches

YOU ARE A GROCER, a salesman, a physician, an office worker. You have just come home after a routine day, a little tired, a little bored at the prospect of a routine tomorrow.

As you sit down to dinner, the telephone rings. It's long distance. "Toronto calling!" the operator tells you.

That's Toronto, in Canada. Who would be calling you from there?

The next voice you hear is saying that you have been selected to participate "in the promising future profits of Treasure Rouyn Mines, Limited, an aggressive junior gold mine." Suddenly, inexplicably, you have been caught up in the adventure of the age—the fabulous mining and petroleum boom in Canada.

The Toronto voice continues. Leader Securities, Ltd., licensed to market the stock of Treasure Rouyn Mines, has discovered that drilling on Treasure Rouyn claims has shown favorable indications. "More than favorable, actually—but that is all we can say now." And Leader is giving *you* an opportunity to buy 500 shares of the initial offering of Treasure Rouyn at 20 cents a share.

Your dinner is getting cold, but you listen. The voice—vibrant, urgent—is saying: "As we develop the property, our offerings will rise to 45 cents, 60 cents, $1 a share. Make your reservation now . . . Confidentially, the Big Boys are interested . . . But we feel more secure in distributing our shares among our American friends."

You have read somewhere about

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the Canadian boom, how fortunes have been made in mining and oil by people like you. You are skeptical. Yet, in a subtle way, a new vista has opened—to a shimmering dream, age-old, compelling. Treasure in the earth! Treasure Rouyn Mines! The name of it rings like a gold coin.

But what you don't know is that on March 13, 1950, Leader Securities, Ltd., of Toronto became the subject of U. S. Post Office fraud order No. 42687 for the illegal promotion of Treasure Rouyn stock "by means of false and fraudulent pretenses."

You have just been introduced to the most fallacious gamble in the world today. Its headquarters is in Toronto, its principal target is easy money in the U. S., and its take from Americans totals a cool $1,000,000 a week.

This "get-rich-quick" plan consists of from 75 to 125 promotional schemes (the number varies from month to month) which sell chances in the form of stock on finding gold, silver, cobalt, lead, uranium, and oil beneath the "moose pastures" of Canada. The stocks are promoted throughout the U. S. by millions of pieces of mail and thousands of long-distance phone calls.

Prospects are "selected" from what are generally known as sucker lists compiled by agencies in Chicago, Detroit, and New York, from directories of business and professional men, or simply from telephone books.

All of these Toronto mail-order stock promotions are illegal in the U. S. because they are not registered as required by law with the Securities & Exchange Commission. Every one the SEC has investigated —and it has examined nearly 1,000 —has been found to be promoted by fraudulent misrepresentations.

ONE OF THE MOST flamboyant operators in the Toronto scheme is Albert Edward DePalma, an expatriate American who is doing business at 185 Bay Street, in the heart of the financial district. A large, affable chap of about 50, with wavy gray hair, beseeching blue eyes, and a sartorial addiction to checked suits and suede shoes, De Palma is reputed to be one of the city's wealthiest residents.

As a young man, he sold neckties in St. Louis and secondhand cars in Brooklyn, waiting on table at intervals when he went broke. Then he migrated to Toronto, where he struck it rich promoting gold and tantalum mines which have yet to produce any commercial quantities of gold or tantalum, and an oil well which has to be pumped in order to force out the oil.

A few days before Christmas 1947, DePalma flew to New York City in his private plane on a stock-selling mission. To his amazement he was arrested in his Park Avenue suite. A Federal grand jury in Cleveland, it seems, had indicted him on 14 counts of mail fraud in connection with the promotion of his Novell Porcupine Gold Mines, Ltd.

Pending removal to Ohio, De Palma was held in $40,000 bail which he promptly raised through Toronto friends and as promptly jumped. Like a number of other Toronto promoters also under U. S. fraud indictments, DePalma is safe as long as he remains in Canada for stock fraud is not covered by the

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extradition treaty between the two countries.

After his flight from New York, DePalma permitted his Novell Porcupine claims to lapse, then restaked them and promoted them anew as Palamino Gold Mines, Ltd. "Will you risk $25?" his circulars challenged. "Don't miss the boat this time. No one individual will be permitted to purchase more than 25 shares at $1 each."

The U. S. Post Office promptly issued a fraud order against Palamino Gold Mines, but DePalma quickly reorganized the promotional scheme as Indigo Consolidated Gold Mines, Ltd.

Since DePalma has lost his license as a broker-dealer, the stock is peddled through a group of associates who are licensed. Two of them, Victor H. Waddell and Frank Shea, advised that there was $4 worth of ore at a depth of 500 feet on a mere one-sixth of the company's vein structure.

This is pure hokum, according to SEC investigators. A third associate, William A. Deering, advised his clients that arrangements had been made to list Indigo on the Toronto Stock Exchange. More hokum, reported the SEC.

Indigo's literature led suckers to believe that the mine adjoined the fabulous Noranda gold properties. The SEC pointed out that Indigo is 1,700 miles away from Noranda.

IN THE LAST TWO YEARS, the Post Office has waged a relentless battle to protect credulous Americans by citing 140 Toronto promoters and broker-dealers for promoting 100 stocks under false pretenses and through fictitious names. The fraud orders are designed to halt fraudulent mail at the American border. But much of it slips through because the Post Office hasn't enough manpower to sort it out, particularly on railway mail cars.

To evade fraud orders, promoters resorted to changing the names and addresses on their high-power advertising material. When a fraud order was issued against Leader Securities, at Suite 305, 88 Richmond St., West, Toronto, the company advised clients to address return mail to "Accounts Dept., Suite 101, 88 Richmond St., West." When this address, too, seemed unsafe, Leader Securities sent clients "for convenience" an envelope addressed in feminine handwriting to "Cashiers Dept., Suite 101, 90 Richmond St., West."

One floor below DePalma's "boiler room" at 185 Bay Street is the lair of J. D. Cullingham & Co., promoter of Cordasun Petroleums, Ltd., the most aggressive of the schemes to hitch its promotion to the western Canadian oil boom.

Although Cordasun's Bailey-Nisku Well No. 1 was abandoned after a drilling to 6,000 feet, the SEC found, Cullingham sent word to his American friends that the offering price on Cordasun's 35-cent shares had risen to 50 cents, but "as principals we have allotted a special bloc at a preferential price of 45 cents a share" to previous purchasers as a premium for their loyalty and trust.

It looked like picking money up in the street. Actually, the unsuspecting buyers were being "reloaded," the promoters' term for selling a person more stock after his initial plunge. They didn't know that Cul-

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lingham had bought 615,000 shares from the treasury at prices ranging from 7½ to 12½ cents a share and was inflating the retail price from 35 to 45 cents merely by the power of suggestion.

Only disillusionment awaits the American who takes a second fling on the promoter's assurance that the price is rising. There isn't any market for most of the mail-order stock, just as there isn't any market for trading chances in a raffle. If the stock owner tries to sell, he finds himself in competition with the promoter, who is also selling.

A tragic example of this was detailed by Chairman Harry A. McDonald of the SEC in a plea to Canadians to stamp out these stock gambles. The victim was a patient in a nursing home in New York City. Somehow, the promoter of an oil stock got her name and phoned her.

When she explained she had been unable to work for two years and could not afford to speculate with her savings, he told her he had an oil stock that was "absolutely safe" and persuaded her to buy 1,000 shares at 24 cents a share.

Six weeks later, he telephoned her again at the nursing home. The market had gone up "substantially," he told her. He wanted her to have another 1,000 shares at a price below the "market"—34 cents a share. She bought this, too, bringing her investment to $580.

"Careful investigation revealed," said McDonald, "that there was no market other than the prices that had been arbitrarily fixed by the dealer himself."

Having discovered that the Atomic Age has possibilities, promoters have gone all out for uranium mining. "The Geiger counters are clicking like mad!" cried one promoter over the telephone without, of course, revealing the fact that the Canadian Government had pegged the price of uranium to discourage wild-catting.

Some have even gone off the gold standard to get into the atom act. Last December, Samar Yellowknife Gold Mines, Ltd., changed its name to Oakridge Uranium Mines, Ltd.

In one uranium scheme, broker-dealer E. A. Glass of Toronto was haled before the Ontario Securities Commission after it found that on the strength of having sent a bulk ore sample to the Canadian Atomic Energy Control Board, as required by law, Glass advertised that the company he was promoting was "now shipping uranium ore." He lost his license. Beyond specific misrepresentations of fact, the SEC finds fraud *per se* in the promoters' practice (never, of course, disclosed to the client) of pocketing at least two-thirds of the investor's dollar, remitting only one-third to the company treasury for development. This would be criminal in the United States, but it is legal in Ontario.

If the property proves worthless, as about 97 per cent do, the promoter can walk away from it, leaving his "American friends" holding the bag, and there is nothing they can do about it.

On the other hand, if the promoter does strike gold or oil, the economics of the Toronto promotional

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system enable him to keep most of the profits by recapitalizing.

In the course of normal development, the Casey Summit Mine in Northwestern Ontario was reorganized four times under different names, holders of 1,000 shares in the original organization being progressively reduced to 15 shares in the process. When the mine made some money, they received dividends totaling $1.80.

The U. S. has been negotiating with Ottawa authorities for months in a bid for Parliament's approval of an extradition amendment (proposed ten years ago) to permit the worst offenders to be brought to trial on indictments against them in the U. S. But in Ottawa a promoters' organization maintains a powerful lobby to defeat extradition, as well as any Dominion-wide securities legislation similar to U. S. securities acts.

In the absence of Dominion-wide legislation, securities regulation in Canada, one of the world's biggest mining countries, exists only at the provincial level. And Ontario, with a record of the worst enforcement in the Dominion, has thus become a promoters' paradise.

As the sun sets, the boiler-room stock salesmen of Toronto pick up their telephones and begin calling Americans on the Eastern seaboard at the dinner hour. As the dinner hour moves westward, the telephoning moves with it to the Central States, the Mountain States, and the Pacific Coast.

So beware! Some evening when you get home from work a little tired, a little bored, and the telephone rings, and the operator says, "Toronto calling!"—it may be your turn to receive what SEC Chairman McDonald calls "an engraved invitation to the poorhouse."

Accidentally Speaking

STROLLING UP, the village constable remarked to the motorists in a head-on collision:

"Now, gentlemen, what I want to know is, which of your two cars hit the other first?"

—*Wall Street Journal*

RUNNING PEOPLE DOWN is a bad habit, whether you are a gossip or a motorist. —MARIE DRURY

A MAN STALLED his car half on and half off the railroad track just as a train came round the bend. Turning to his screaming spouse, he snapped: "You've been driving all day from the back seat. My end's across—see what you can do with your end." —GORDON MACRAE

A WOMAN, explaining her auto crash to a policeman, finished with: "—and then I very clearly signaled that I'd changed my mind."

—*Coast Federal's Challenger*

"I SEE YOU'VE given up teaching your wife to drive."

"Yes, we had an accident."

"You did! What happened?"

"I told her to release her clutch and she took her hands off the wheel." —*Capper's Weekly*

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Your Glands and Your Personality

by MADELYN WOOD

Science can help adjust the tiny chemical factories that make you what you are

A NEW YORK BUSINESSMAN suddenly found himself incapable of coping with business and personal problems. Formerly vigorous and decisive, he now dodged decisions and lived in a torment of fear and worry.

"His personality seems completely changed," his alarmed wife told their family doctor.

At a Baltimore hospital, a desperate woman begged doctors for help. Her husband had just left her, because he was unable to put up with her increasing quarrelsomeness. Now she felt that her personality was going to pieces.

The methods medicine used to treat these patients are dramatic evidence of a startling discovery about the mysterious thing we call personality. The businessman's doctor used psychiatry, but teamed it with treatment of the patient's sex glands. The woman was given the help of psychiatrists too, but a major part of her treatment was aimed at a gland in her throat. In both cases, glands were part of the secret of these changed personalities.

Why is it that some people are excitable, dynamic, always on the go? Why are others moody, slow-moving, easygoing; still others irritable and at odds with the world? Five decades ago, scientists were shocked when research discoveries indicated that glands could explain differences in personality.

Today, medicine no longer scoffs. Though it knows there is more to personality than just glands, it recognizes the fact that these tiny chemical factories play a startling role in making you what you are.

You can't see or feel your glands, yet there they are—the pituitary at the base of the brain, the thyroid and parathyroids in the throat, the thymus in the chest, the pancreas in the abdominal region, the adrenals capping the kidneys, and the sex glands. Every day of your life these glands perform one of nature's greatest miracles by making and pouring into the blood stream

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the chemicals we call hormones. Though their quantities are minute, they are incredibly powerful.

Two scientists, Dr. Lewis Terman of Stanford and Dr. Catharine Cox Miles of Yale, have set out to define personality differences in terms of sex. They have devised a test called the Masculinity-Femininity Test, which works on the theory that an individual's attitudes and outlook are basically either masculine or feminine. Glands are a key factor here, for our degree of masculinity or femininity is to a certain extent determined by the hormones secreted by the sex glands —the testes in the male, the ovaries in the female.

The Terman-Miles test shows that personalities are not static, but make several swings from masculine to feminine. Girls are the most feminine at about the 8th-grade age level, most masculine in the college years. Males are most masculine during their teens, start developing more feminine approaches later.

ALL SORTS of otherwise puzzling changes in personality can be accounted for by differences in sex-gland productivity. Women in particular are continually affected by the fact that at different times of the month, of the year, and of life, sex glands may be either working overtime or falling down on the job.

At the time of the menopause, when a woman's personality often seems transformed, sex-hormone production of the ovaries declines. Other glands take over the job to some extent, but during the period while they're coming into action, the results can be disastrous. Modern medicine now cuts the emotional disturbance and personality changes to a minimum by giving doses of synthetic hormones to replace those no longer adequately produced in the body.

In the case of the male, hormone production is far steadier, but it too undergoes changes, particularly at the time of the male climacteric. Here too, as in the case of the New York businessman, doctors restore personality balance by prescribing synthetic male sex hormones as part of the treatment.

The glands closely tied to sex are only a part of the hormone producers that must work in harmony to create complete personalities. Take the mighty thyroid, for instance. When it is functioning properly, you have in your body only about 1/250th of an ounce of the hormone, thyroxine. That's a microscopically small amount to begin with, but let there be the slightest variation in it, and strange things can happen to personality.

Take the case of Ann J——. As a department supervisor she was well liked by employees and fellow workers. She worked hard, wanted to see her department get ahead. Then something happened. Over a period of months her personality underwent a change. Solving problems, which had once excited her, now worried her. She snapped at associates, substituted commands for her previous tactful suggestions.

Finally she went to a doctor, who had her take certain tests and then announced: "You have a little thyroid trouble." What had happened to Ann was that her thyroid had begun to secrete too much of the substance it sends into the blood to control body metabolism. In her

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case of hyperthyroidism, medical treatment was enough to destroy part of the gland and thus cut down the disastrous oversupply of thyroid hormones. Sometimes, however, surgical removal of part or even all of the thyroid becomes necessary to accomplish the same thing.

The thyroid is closely tied up with emotions. Here medicine has made the discovery that it works both ways. If the thyroid is upset for physical reasons, it will trigger changes in both the body and personality. On the other hand, the gland is highly sensitive to emotional disturbances.

In studies at the Johns Hopkins Thyroid Clinic, doctors confirmed the fact that in nearly all victims of hyperthyroidism the upset was started by an emotional disturbance. One patient had just left her husband. Another was having marital difficulties and considering separation. A mother who had always clung to her son was disturbed when he married and left home.

Nestling close to the thyroid are some tiny capsulelike glands called parathyroids. If they don't do their job properly, calcium levels in the blood are changed and something deeply disturbing to the personality may result.

"No one," reports Dr. E. V. McCollum, famed Hopkins nutrition expert, "with a blood containing slightly too low a calcium content and markedly low phosphorus content has a wholesome attitude toward life. The accompanying irritability and lack of serenity must be important considerations in determining the attitude toward home, school, and associates."

This little-known factor in personality balance comes as a surprise to most people, as it did to the mother of a boy who was in trouble because he had thrown a book at his teacher. It was not his first offense: for months his temper had been getting steadily worse.

Although the mother thought nothing could help him, she agreed to take him to a doctor. When it was found that the boy's trouble was too low a calcium content in his blood, because of parathyroid misfunctioning, the doctor ordered calcium salts, taken by mouth. It wasn't long before the boy's disagreeable temper disappeared.

CURIOUSLY ENOUGH, medicine has found it hard to trace any one personality trait to the body's supergland, the pituitary. Yet its effects on personality are tremendous, for it is the "boss gland" that controls the function of all the other glands.

Disorders of the pituitary affect production of its important hormones, such as the ones that control growth. Any unnaturally tall or short person doesn't need to be told that height and body build have a lot to do with personality. The Napoleonic complexes of some very short people, eager to show they're just as good as anybody, is just one obvious type of personality stemming from a pituitary accident.

At the other extreme, few tall, homely people do so well as did Abraham Lincoln in overcoming the effects of an oversupply of growth hormones, which accounted for Lincoln's extreme tallness, awkwardness, and large hands, feet, and facial features.

Other glands at work in their fantastic personality-determining

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role are the adrenals, which exert a powerful control over behavior patterns. These glands are two tiny capsules perched atop the kidneys. How they work has a lot to do with determining your response to conflict. They may work in such a way that you "take it lying down"; they may be neatly enough balanced to help you meet situations rationally; or they may work in such a way that your reaction is erratic.

However they work in your case, you never quite escape the effects of these minute pieces of tissue. In the medical world, their importance has grown steadily, as scientists made the tremendous discovery that these glands give off the vital cortisone, the substance that seems to be necessary to dozens of bodily functions.

The relationship of cortisone to temperament is rather obscure, but there is no doubt about the effects of another adrenal hormone, adrenaline. It rates as one of the most incredibly powerful chemicals in the world.

This is the alarm chemical, the stuff the adrenals send out to alert the whole body to meet opposition. It prepares the soldier for battle, the athlete for the supreme effort, and ties in with the fear reaction that gives a person the strength to escape from a dangerous situation.

Experiments like that conducted by Dr. Hudson Hoagland and associates at the Worcester Foundation of Experimental Biology are giving exciting hints about the role of the adrenals in making well-rounded personalities. For example, the Worcester scientists hit on an important clue when they found that the number of white blood cells drops during tense situations. There is also evidence that adrenal hormones create an action which gives the body a greater number of red blood cells when it is called on to meet a danger.

Armed with this knowledge, the researchers tested a number of normal people in an Air Force gadget, the pursuitmeter. It simulates flight conditions and calls for intense concentration on the part of the occupant, who must react swiftly if he is not to "crash." After a session in the plane, the white blood count of these normal people dropped as much as 40 per cent.

When mentally sick patients underwent the same experience, the counts did not drop. Instead they *jumped* up to 40 per cent! In other words, their adrenals had exactly the wrong reaction. Instead of preparing the body for the stress situation, these glands actually were injuring its capability.

Couldn't this glandular weakness account for their psychological breakdown? Scientists feel that they have found a promising clue in offering future help to people whose personalities just can't take the wear and tear of modern life.

Other people are victims of an opposite effect of these mysterious glands. Some keyed-up victims of hypertension suffer from an excess of hormones pouring into their system, which keeps the body in a perpetual state of alarm. Some of these people are meeting psychological challenges at the price of physical damage. In many such cases medicine has had to admit its inability to help.

However, the doctors at Peter Bent Brigham Hospital in Boston

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are making great strides toward improving the situation. Surgeons have removed the adrenals entirely. Once this would have meant sure death. Indeed, four of twelve carefully selected patients operated on in the initial series of surgeries did die. However, the condition of these patients was so critical that they would not have lived long in any case. The other eight, kept alive by daily doses of cortisone and desoxycorticosterone, showed steady improvement.

With the revelation that troublesome glands can be removed, and that injections of hormones and certain synthetic substances can help correct a severe personality disorder, a new era of medicine has started. And medicine believes that an increasing understanding of these glands suggests almost incredible possibilities for the future.

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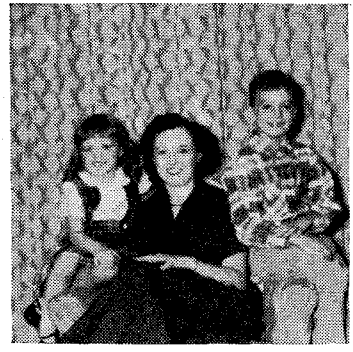

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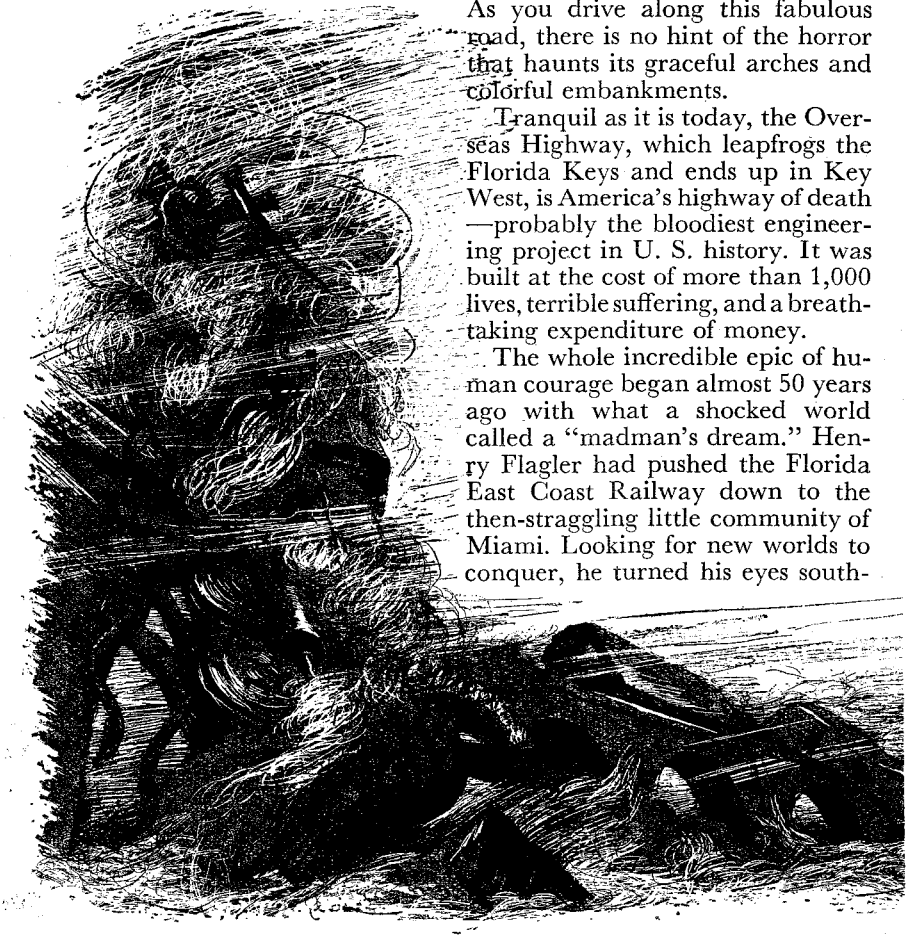
FLORIDA'S HAUNTED

by NORMAN CARLISLE

It took a nightmare of death and destruction before Henry Flagler could turn his dream into reality



THEY CALL IT America's most fantastic highway. And well they may, for on it you can drive 100 miles out to sea. You can stop and wander around on green tropical islands, or from your car window drop a line and catch deep-sea fish. As you drive along this fabulous road, there is no hint of the horror that haunts its graceful arches and colorful embankments.

Tranquil as it is today, the Overseas Highway, which leapfrogs the Florida Keys and ends up in Key West, is America's highway of death—probably the bloodiest engineering project in U. S. history. It was built at the cost of more than 1,000 lives, terrible suffering, and a breathtaking expenditure of money.

The whole incredible epic of human courage began almost 50 years ago with what a shocked world called a "madman's dream." Henry Flagler had pushed the Florida East Coast Railway down to the then-straggling little community of Miami. Looking for new worlds to conquer, he turned his eyes south-

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ward. Trade with Cuba was booming. Suppose, he thought boldly, he could put his freight cars aboard ferries offering "New York-to-Havana" rail service? There was, however, a hitch—the sea haul was far too long to make it pay.

Studying a map, Flagler came up with an astonishing scheme. South of the Florida mainland, a string of islands, the Florida Keys, extended clear out to Key West, 100 miles at sea and only 90 miles from Cuba. Why not use the islands for stepping stones and build a railroad to Key West?

The idea made sense to Flagler, but engineers balked. "Then we'll build it ourselves," the stubborn railroader announced. He called in big, broad-shouldered Joe Parrott, who ran the Florida East Coast. Could *he* build the railroad? Parrott grinned. If Flagler wanted it built, he'd build it!

The problems that faced Parrott and Joe Meredith, the mild-mannered engineer he picked for head of construction, were staggering.

Between Miami and the southernmost tip of Florida lay the impenetrable Everglades. Beyond that lay the sea and the Keys. Land there might be, but it was land choked with rattlesnake-infested mangrove swamps, from which rose clouds of mosquitoes. In the waters around it swarmed sharks, barracuda, and poisonous rays.

Towers had to be erected so the surveyors could sight their instruments. Engineers spent months in the wilderness. Finally 41 Keys were picked as toe holds for the railroad that would span the sea.

That was only a start. What few workers there were in this remote section of Florida refused to work on the crazy project.

Parrott went out on a world-wide recruiting campaign. The lure of high wages and free transportation soon drew a roaring international army of Scandinavians, Cubans, Spaniards, Bahamans, even deep-sea divers from Greece. Of the 5,000 men brought down for the first onslaught on the jungle and the sea, hundreds deserted after one look.

Materials, too, came from fantastic distances. Drinking water was hauled in tank boats and cars from the Everglades. Rock came from the far-off Hudson River Valley, cement from New York and Germany.

The waters around the Keys, which, in their time, had seen fleets of Spanish galleons and buccaneers' frigates, now witnessed the gathering of the most curious fleet of all;

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Parrott scoured the world for the craft he needed—80 freighters, more than 100 lighters, huge barges to be turned into floating bunkhouses, a dozen dredges, and a mixed collection of piledrivers, floating cement-mixing plants, tugs, and even eight ancient paddle-wheelers from the Mississippi.

VIOLENCE AND SUDDEN DEATH haunted the strange, wild bunch that worked through the lingering tropical days. A man working precariously on an arch would lose his footing and fall screaming. Then, often as not, unless a launch reached him swiftly, a sharp fin would cleave the water, and there would be only a reddening wake where the shark had struck.

Other workers fell victim to poisonous snakes. But this was only a suggestive overture hinting at the far more terrible violence to come.

Through the fall months, in that first year, there was new tension, for every man knew that this was the hurricane season. Yet, through the serene fall of 1905, there was no hurricane, and steadily the railroad was taking shape.

In 1906, it seemed that Flagler's luck was still holding, for again September passed calmly. But nature had only been saving up her fury. On a brooding day in October, the dreaded Big Wind came slashing across the Keys. The tormented waters were filled with desperate men clinging to overturned barges and bits of wreckage. One barge broke from her moorings and went plunging seaward with 100 men aboard. No one knows what became of her.

For weeks afterward, victims blown to sea and then picked up by passing ships turned up in New York, Liverpool, Buenos Aires. Just what the death toll was no one ever knew for sure, but about 150 perished in the savage hurricane.

Two years of effort lay in ruins. But Flagler would not give up. "We'll start over!" he announced.

A new fleet had to be assembled, the country scoured for machinery, a new crew recruited. Still, somehow it was done, and three years later the railroad was once more pushing southward. Then the Big Wind struck again. Giant tidal waves roared up over the embankments, sweeping away even the rails, and men died by the score in the raging waters.

This time much of the machinery was saved by the desperate expedient of sinking the boats which held it. Engineer Meredith, who conceived the idea, wanted the machinery where he could raise it again.

By this time more than 400 men had lost their lives. How long could this frightful toll go on? Flagler had a grim answer: "Until we reach Key West!"

Work had hardly started again when a third hurricane struck, leaving a path of wreckage and battered bodies in its wake. By now 700 men had died—and the railroad was still far from completion.

"I think the hurricanes are through with us," Flagler said wearily. "We'll try again."

This time the stubborn railroadman was right, and in 1912 a bunting-draped train rumbled over the graceful arches to Key West. There it slid aboard a ferry for the journey to Cuba. Flagler's dream had been achieved, at the staggering cost of

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700 lives and $20,000,000. But the most ghastly chapter of all was still to be written. In 1933, with America in the dreary depths of the depression, the government proposed to build a highway to Key West and provide work for hundreds of unemployed veterans.

Camps were set up on the Keys, and work began. Engineers could profit from the feats of Flagler's railroad builders, for the new highway was to parallel the railroad. But there was one terrible fact that the road builders had forgotten—a fact that would soon send a thrill of horror through the nation.

The day before Labor Day, 1935, all along the Florida Coast, the Weather Bureau's red flags with the ominous black squares were run up. Hurricane warning!

On the exposed Keys, in ramshackle barracks, were hundreds of veterans. Hastily a rescue train was rushed south from Miami. On one of the upper Keys a tidal wave swept it off the tracks.

The defenseless men, many there with their families, had seen the hellish thing coming in from the sea. Some huddled wretchedly in the flimsy barracks. Others, wiser in the ways of hurricanes, lay down on the railroad embankment and prayed. Steadily the wind increased until finally it was shrieking in at more than 200 miles an hour!

On Windley's Island, a hospital housed 40 patients, half of them women and children. Only seven men and four women escaped.

When all was over, the cleanup crews came in. How many were swept out to sea? No one knows for certain, but at least 500 people died, perhaps as many as 800.

Flagler's railroad was practically gone, its rails grotesquely standing on edge. His great dream had finally ended in disaster. And so, too, apparently, had the dream of a seagoing highway. But had it?

After the shock wore off, engineers made a bold proposal. Why not build the highway along the railroad right of way? The graceful arches were still there; so were many of the embankments built at such cost by Flagler's men.

And so the great highway came into being. And so today you can drive south, out past Homestead, out onto Windley's Island and all the other Keys, across stretches of water so long that at times you can see no land on either side.

It's all smooth riding and you can make it in three hours. But you might spare a minute or two at Islamorada, where a stone monument stands. Though it is dedicated to the veterans who lost their lives in '35, it would do no harm if, while you're there, you bestowed a moment's thought to the nameless men of Flagler's crews who also died to build the road that goes to sea.

NO MATTER WHAT other nations may say about us—immigration is still the sincerest form of flattery. —*Pathfinder*

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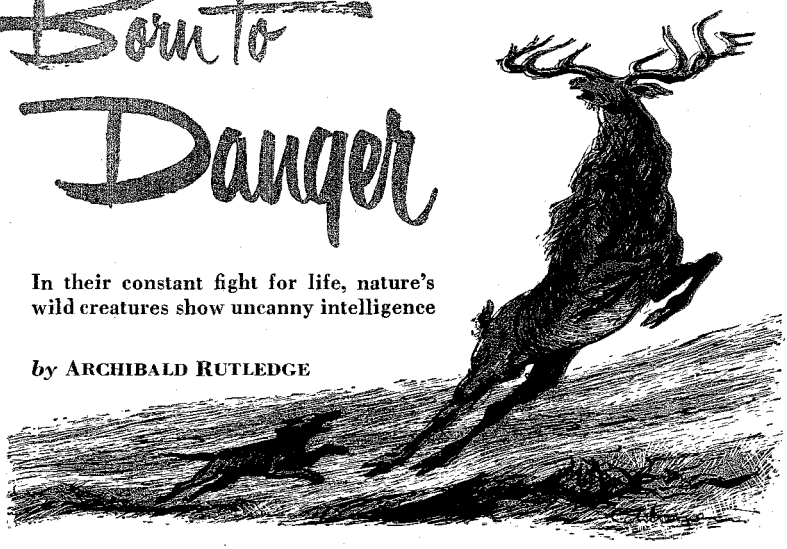
Born to Danger



In their constant fight for life, nature's wild creatures show uncanny intelligence

by ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE

IN THE WORLD of nature, flight and pursuit are constant factors; there is hardly a patch of earth or of sky which, day or night, does not witness this eternal sort of feud. Tragedies there are—perhaps essential to the strange and ponderous balance of nature. But there are frequent escapes also.

For instance, I remember the time I flushed a mallard drake and hen on a Carolina creek which meanders to the heart of the Delta. I was paddling along, watching the miracle of another dawn, when the vast silence was shattered by the whir of wings. The drake and hen I had startled sprang upward in standard fashion, gorgeous dim lights gleaming on their wet plumage.

But hardly had these fugitives cleared the lotus fronds when out of the pale blue heaven an immense black shape swept, cruel as the sword of an executioner. It was a bald eagle, just off his roost on a giant yellow pine.

The hen dashed wildly away over the marsh. Upon the resplendently plumaged drake the eagle turned, and frantic fugitive and relentless follower vanished from my sight.

I thought them gone—when suddenly they reappeared, both skimming the marsh tops. In another moment the valiant drake, after a swift semicircle, reappeared over the creek, and, to my amazement, dropped low to the water; and while the black harrier, bewildered by the disappearance of his prey, shot northward over the waterway, the fugitive came skimming by my canoe at a speed that was breathless.

Not far behind me was an old canal, and into this dim shelter the mallard swerved. Reeds, I knew, completely overhung it. The race was over. The mallard was safe.

Another dramatic escape comes

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to mind, and this one, too, was played out for my benefit at sunrise. The scene this time was one of the most romantic and beautiful of American regions—the mysterious sea-islands off the Carolina and Georgia coast.

I was strolling along the beach of one of them that early January morning when a breath-taking drama suddenly erupted in front of me. The preliminaries had been going on most of the preceding night. Some deer poachers had been on the island the week before; in departing in haste, they had left behind a great black hound which was an insatiable follower of deer.

When I emerged from the fragrant woods upon the beach, the sun had not risen. Beyond this beach the shoals extended for such distance that there was a superb display of "white horses." I was awaiting the sunrise, standing on the crest of a gray dune, when suddenly I became aware that I was not alone.

Out of the thickets a great stag had burst upon the beach, and was now racing toward me. Behind him, not more than a hundred yards, was the relentless hound. For all his superb wild vigor, a stag with a heavy crown of antlers and with a tiring footing of sand can at last be pulled down by a persevering dog.

The stag labored in his run; once he stumbled, then went staggering on. The hound, now excited over the proximity of his intended prey, steadily closed the life-and-death gap between them.

At any instant I expected the gallant buck to swerve into the friendly woods. But I was about to witness a far more adroit maneuver.

When almost opposite me, the stag turned toward the thundering surf. As he did so, the immense golden sun appeared over the ocean, making millions of waves sparkle.

Straight toward the sun the buck turned. Dashing through the sparkling shallows, he plunged into deeper waters. A huge breaker broke over him, hiding him momentarily from view. When he emerged, he was swimming, a splendid fugitive, nobly silhouetted against the regal sunrise.

And what of his stubborn pursuer? The sagacious hound not only turned toward the sea when the stag turned, but actually tried to cut him off from the water. But he was too late, and he had no relish for the plunging seas. Crestfallen, he retreated to the dry beach, where he sat facing the ocean.

Meanwhile the stag had come to rest among the breakers rearing in snowy ruin on the hidden shoals. He was literally up to his neck in water; and now and then the spume veiled him in momentary mystery.

After watching the wary strategist for a while, I gave my attention to the dog. When I asked him in my most discourteous tones what he was doing there, he fled down the beach and passed from sight. And what became of the deer? I left him in his wild and solitary sanctuary. He would stay there until the rising tide compelled his coming ashore, but he would not come all the way to the beach until he was certain his enemy had gone.

ALL WILD CREATURES, when wounded or disabled, resort to amazing stratagems in order to survive. Once when I was in the woods at twilight, I saw a regal wild turkey in a pathetic dilemma. One of his

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great wings, broken by a hunter, was dragging on the ground. Night was near, and it was high time for the gobbler to be far up in a moss-shrouded cypress, but he could not fly to roost. Yet to stay on the ground would be fatal, for a fox or wildcat would surely catch him.

Even in his apparently hopeless plight, however, he was not at a loss. Nearby was a tree that had been broken 20 feet from the ground. The break had not been complete, and the upper half formed a long incline that reached from the ground to the summit of the part still standing. The old gobbler walked slowly up this incline, and at length reached the top.

He had achieved elevation, but he knew that a wildcat might follow him up that incline. Then, to escape all enemies of the night, this wary old tactician took a mighty leap and, beating his good wing, made his way across a wide space, landing safely in an oak. Here he would be safe from prowlers.

When I was a boy, a thing happened which cured me forever of my habit of caging wild things. Mockingbirds were abundant in our yard on the Carolina seacoast; and I, not content with hearing them sing from the trees, decided to make a grand-opera singer out of a gawky, squawky young mockingbird.

On his second day in the cage, I saw his mother fly to him with food in her bill. This attention pleased me, for surely the mother knew how to feed her child better than I did. The following morning my pathetic little captive was dead.

When I recounted this experience to Arthur Wayne, the renowned ornithologist, he said: "A mother mockingbird, finding her young in a cage, will sometimes take it poisonous berries. She thinks it is better for one she loves to die rather than to live in captivity."

It is not the "magic hand of chance" that directs such stratagems. It is high intelligence, trained to act swiftly and deftly in moments of peril. All wild creatures are born to danger; and they survive because they are eternal pioneers in spirit. Assailed by deadly harassments, they carry on gallantly. Nor should we feel that life is the less sweet to them because of its hazardous dilemmas. They may sense dimly what we know well: that it is the shadow which makes sweet the light.

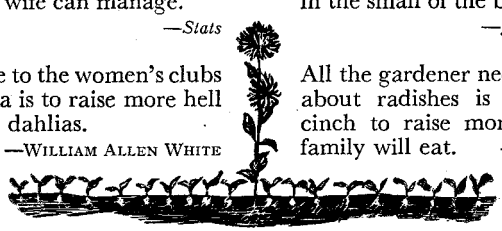
A Word on Gardening

The way to make your garden a success is not to plant more than your wife can manage.
—*Stats*

Good gardening is largely a matter of taking pains—mostly in the small of the back!
—JEROME SAXON

My advice to the women's clubs of America is to raise more hell and fewer dahlias.
—WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

All the gardener needs to know about radishes is that it's a cinch to raise more than the family will eat. —Boston *Globe*



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JUST YESTERDAY

THIS IS A STORY about an America most of us never knew and the rest of us have almost forgotten. It was an America that boasted the bustle, the Florodora Sextette, handlebar mustaches, and cigar-store Indians. There was still a blacksmith shop in every town: the machine had not yet replaced the hand. To us, that yesterday, its old-fashioned manners and ornate costumes —even its people—are tinted with lavender nostalgia. The era seems a little unreal. Yet it was real enough —as real as your grandmother and mine, and as sweetly simple.

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It was the time of Victorian styles and fashion

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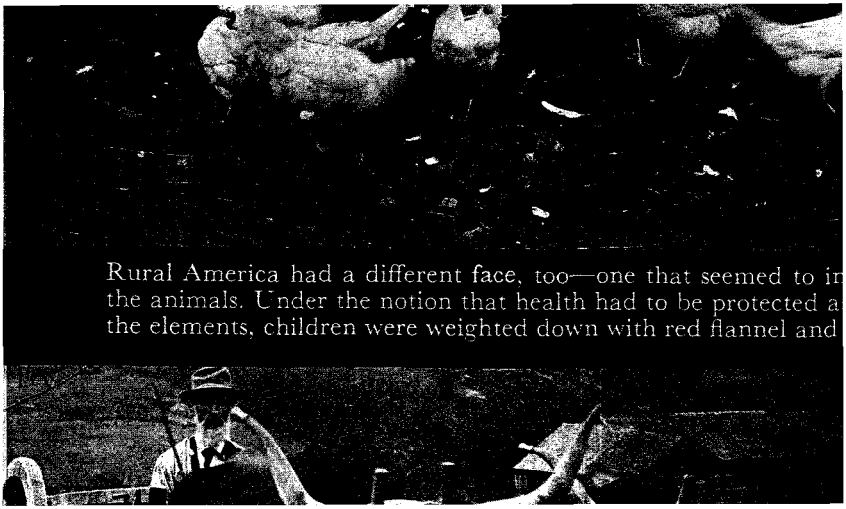

Rural America had a different face, too—one that seemed to in
the animals. Under the notion that health had to be protected a
the elements, children were weighted down with red flannel and

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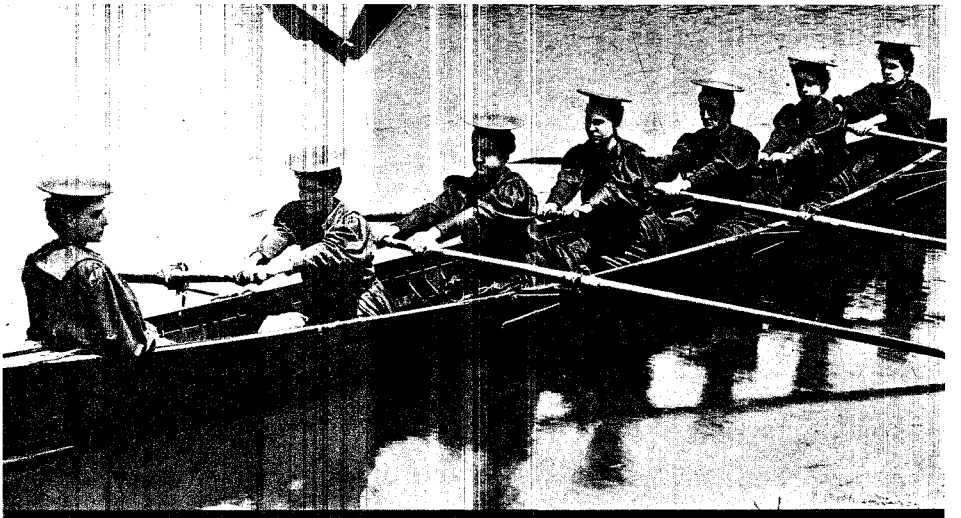

The motto of the college girl—decorum in all things—went far to alleviate the suspicion that she was a wild creature. Wellesley crew members were chosen for their voices alone—a sort of floating glee club.

Society turned a hostile eye on *modistes* who devised costumes to let women ride astride. Only actresses rode astride, they said: there was no more damning way of illustrating the indecency of the practice

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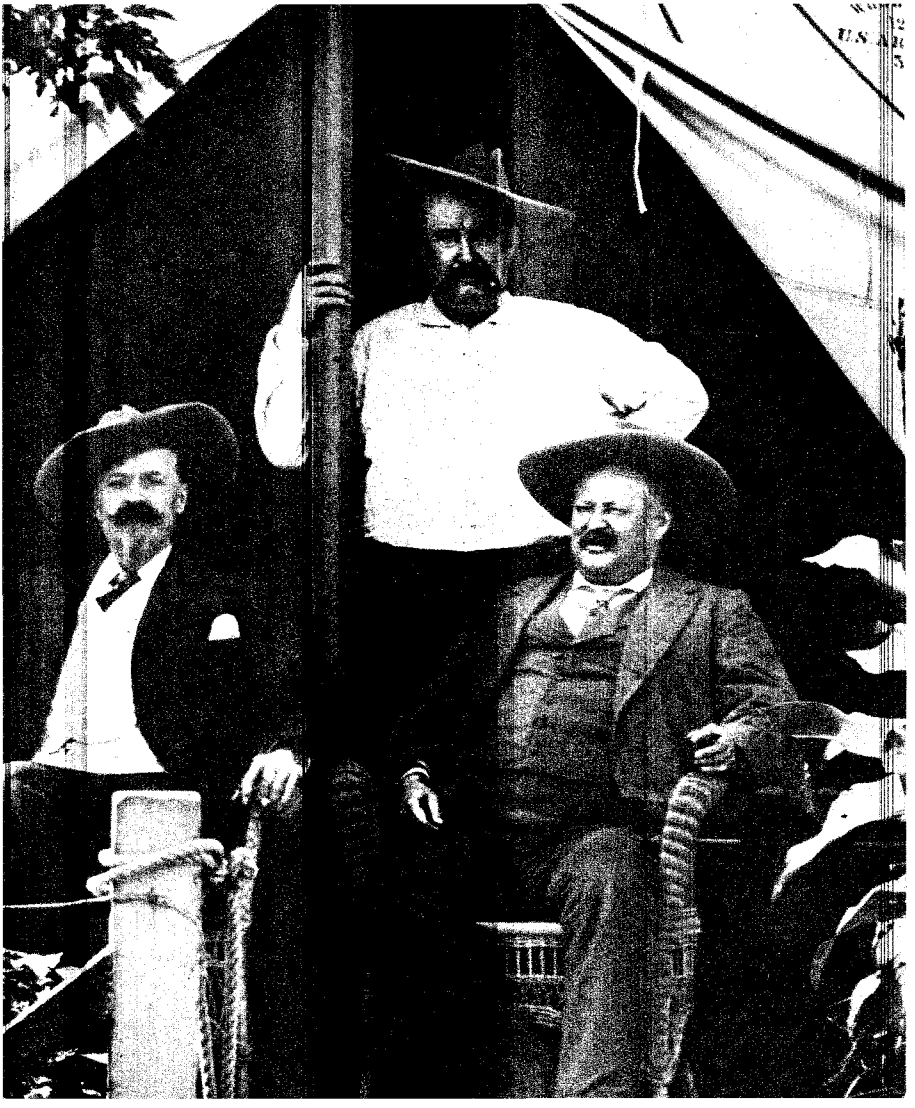

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Sensitive to public opinion, the policeman found his lot a hard
Maintaining an illusion of stern righteousness was difficult as, hand
a high-domed hat, he chased a runaway horse up Main Street.

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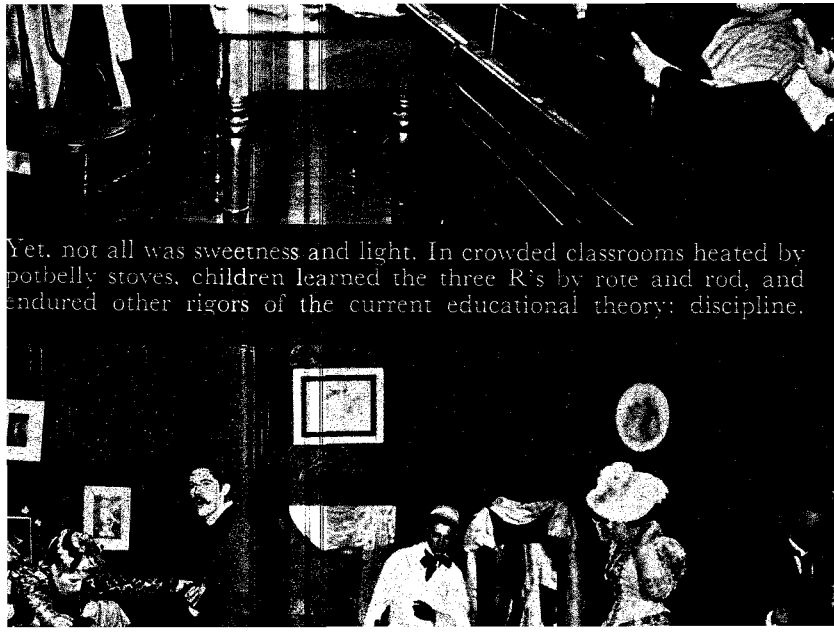

Yet, not all was sweetness and light. In crowded classrooms heated by potbelly stoves, children learned the three R's by rote and rod, and endured other rigors of the current educational theory: discipline.

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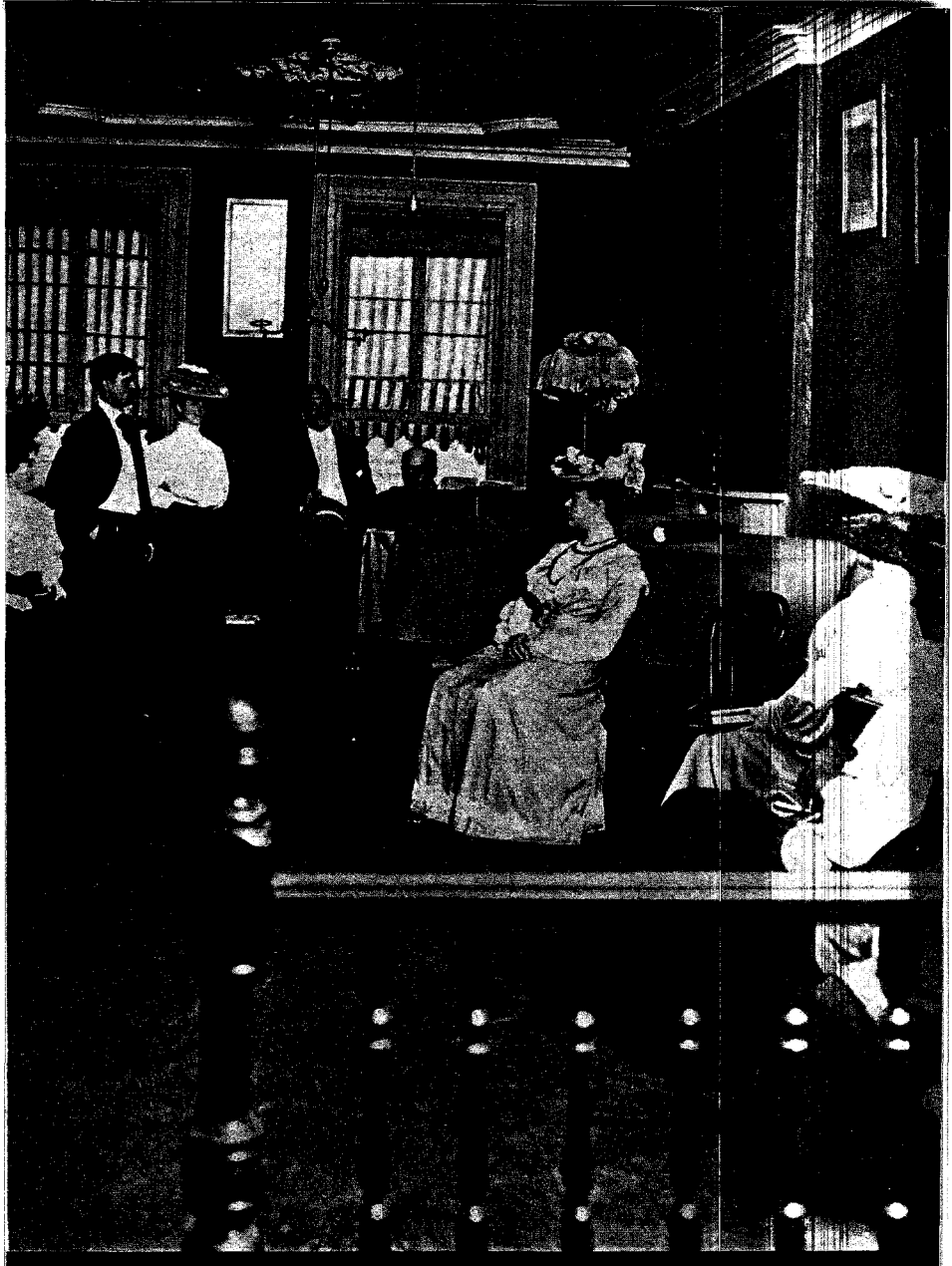

And only the stars could hope for respectability. Many a hopeful who waited primly in a producer's office knew that, back home, her parents were wringing their hands. To them, she was all but a scarlet woman.

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There were such things as bathing suits for ladies, but it was considered indecent actually to bathe in them. Instead, families sat quietly under their parasols and watched the yacht races from the water's edge.

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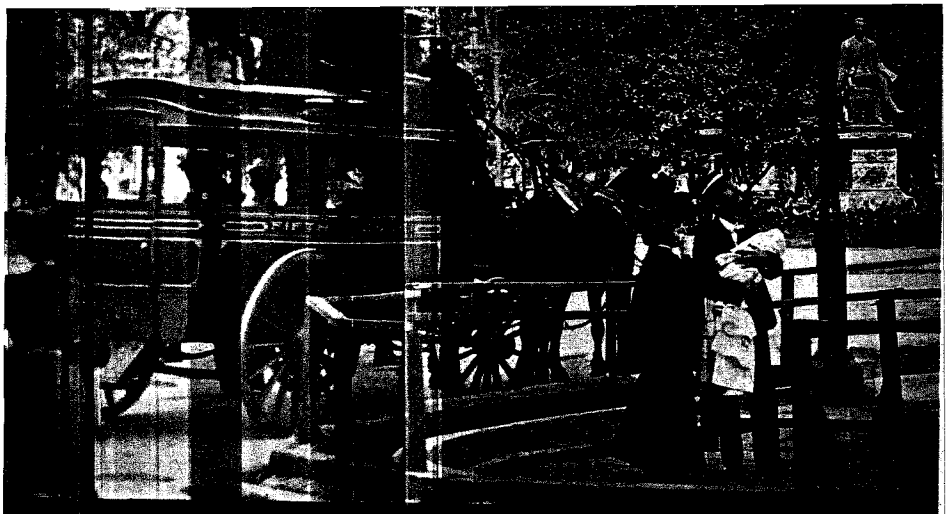

Fifth Avenue's horse-drawn bus was chiefly for the use of transients. Most residents in that citadel of brownstone elegance traveled in their own coaches which, with footman and driver, cost thousands to operate.

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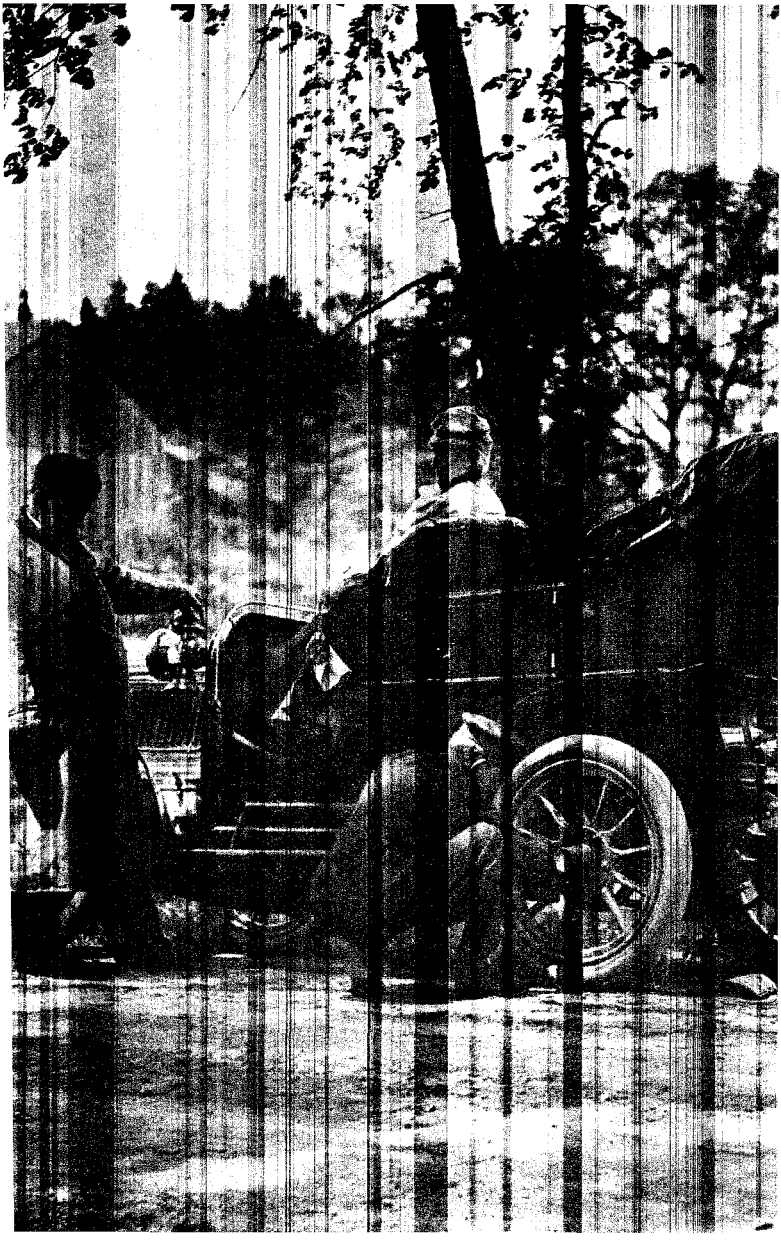

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The Rose Man of Sing Sing

by WARDEN LEWIS E. LAWES

Charles Chapin, a confessed murderer, left a heritage of beauty behind prison walls

TWO PAGES in the official records of Sing Sing mark the beginning and end of an extraordinary prison experience. "Even as man comes into the world unwillingly, so does he also leave it reluctantly." Thus preaches an ancient philosophy. But it is only partly true of the average man who enters prison.

He comes in unwillingly, of course, but he looks forward impatiently to the day of discharge. Of Charles Chapin, it can truthfully be said that he came willingly, even eagerly, to Sing Sing. In the last months of his life, he was complacent about going. He felt that he had lived his life.

Chapin was among the outstanding personalities of Sing Sing's population. Men have done heroic work within these walls, but few of them have left a lasting impress on the prison's spirit. Chapin accomplished just that. He removed Sing Sing's sackcloth and ashes—traditional in all prisons—and draped it with a mantle of green verdure. Its freshness and beauty are symbolic of the purposes we hope to achieve among the men entrusted to our care—to infuse new life in the debris of human backwash that eddies through the gates.

Chapin was my prisoner, a confessed murderer. I first met him in the prison hospital in 1919, during my visit to Sing Sing preceding my acceptance of the wardenship. He was then about 60 and had been a convict for almost a year.

Already he was frail and feeble. A forlorn, gray-haired figure, he lay listlessly on the prison cot. But I noticed that his eyes were wide open and brilliant. They followed me on my tour of the ward. I did not know him, but I stopped and inquired about his health.

"You know," he smiled, "you are the first man who gave me a kindly nod since I came here."

It was hard to believe that this man had been the city editor of the *World*, one of New York City's great dailies. From his editorial sanctum, he had ruled over the destinies of men, had formulated the policies of

From *20,000 Years in Sing Sing*, by Warden Lewis E. Lawes

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his newspaper, and had helped to build up careers.

Since this is not intended as a biography of Chapin, the incidents of his crime are not important. Suffice it to say that he killed his wife. I have always been willing to accept his explanation that it was not a premeditated murder, but one committed in a moment of despair.

When I assumed the wardenship of Sing Sing, Chapin was still in the hospital. He was not expected to live. He had lost his powers of resistance and was failing rapidly. It seemed a pity that this vigorous mentality should be allowed to disintegrate. Twenty years to life had been his sentence. Possibly he might not live to complete that sentence. But surely the few remaining years of his life could be put to some good and worth-while service.

I went to see him. He was almost too weak to answer my greeting. But his eyes still burned with life. By looking into them, one could detect the active brain. I made a bid to reach it.

"Charlie, how would you like to get out of bed?"

His head shook, "No."

"Something you will like doing," I suggested. "You will be the editor of the *Bulletin*."

The *Bulletin* was then the prison paper. A rather haphazard publication, it needed a guiding spirit and Chapin was the logical man. He seemed interested. He was out of bed in a week. And he took hold of the *Bulletin* with an expert hand. Chapin thrived in his work. He found renewed interest in life. He was a man made over.

Then changing circumstances worked against him. Authorities decreed the discontinuance of the *Bulletin*, and Chapin was once more without a job. Again he began to droop: he walked through the prison yard with lagging step. I was convinced we would have to find a task suited to his driving powers or he would again take to bed.

ONE DAY I FOUND Chapin in front of my office. "Warden, I'd like to be assigned to a special job—to take care of the lawn. I think I could do it."

It was hardly the kind of work for a man of his talents, but I humored him. "It's all right with me," I laughed, "but you will have to look after it carefully."

Next day, he came in with a request for tools. He would need a mower, a sickle, a hose, and clippers. Eventually they were purchased, and the purchase used up a quarter of the budget for the care of the grounds that year. Then Chapin had to wait until another quarter rolled around before money was available for grass seed.

The old Sing Sing is built on a foundation of crushed rock, cinders, and scrap iron, scarcely the sort of thing to support plant life. But as the summer passed, the lawn kept thriving and Chapin began to feel better. Ambition stirred within him. His one desire was to force that sterile soil to produce life.

Next fall, Chapin stopped me in the yard. "Do you like my gardening, Warden?"

"Yes, Charlie, you're doing fine."

"Well, Warden, I'd like to build a flower garden. How about it?"

I glanced over the yard, as barren to the eye as it was hopeless to the heart. Across the river, on the far

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shore of the Hudson, the hills were covered with magnificent green. Suddenly I was ashamed.

"Tell you what, Charlie, do the whole job. Put some life into this yard. Let's have a real garden, trees and flowers. The boys will get a thrill out of it."

Quick as a flash Charlie took me up. "That's fine, Warden. I'll make roses grow in that desert!" And so Charles Chapin became the Rose Man of Sing Sing.

Chapin entered upon his new duties with an energy that surprised me. He wrote to a friend who was kind enough to send him eight volumes of Luther Burbank, the California floral wizard. He devoured them during the winter. He envisaged the yard between the cell block and the shops as one great garden. He found a few fellow prisoners who, like himself, knew nothing of gardening but were willing to work under his guidance.

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First, piles of iron, wood, and stones had to be removed. That kept him busy all winter. He needed fertilizer and sod. I gave him the necessary orders. He worked harder and got increasingly excited. It gave him new life.

Toward spring, having made a bed or two, Charlie ordered some plants from a gardener in a nearby town. The plants were shipped, but the seller followed with a visit to Sing Sing to see what was being done. He met Charlie, and was shown over the site of the prospective gardens. Shortly thereafter, F. R. Pierson of Tarrytown sent a truckload of plants.

Adolph Lewisohn, the philanthropist, was also an interested visitor. From his garden came another load of plants. Other floriculturists became interested, and people in all sections of the country began favoring Charlie with seeds and plants. Rose bushes were planted and also dahlias, cannas, gladioli and a considerable variety of perennials, including peonies.

The yard, a little more than an acre, was broken up into beds and borders. Benches were placed all around to permit the prisoners to rest during recreation periods. Between two stretches of turf in the center, a fountain and basin were built. On the plot toward the river, another sweep of turf was laid down, cut up with beds filled with snapdragons, phlox, and asters. For three years Chapin worked unceasingly on his flower beds and his garden. And he demanded similar service from the prisoners assigned to work with him. There was the old Chapin—demanding results from his men, but asking no more than he gave himself. And it was a proud Chapin who walked into my office in the late spring with a handful of roses.

"First choice, Warden. This is a thanksgiving offering to you for your cooperation."

Every day thereafter, Chapin brought flowers for my desk.

I DO NOT CLAIM that flowers reform men, nor that the gardens reformed Chapin. But they gave him a new perspective. To me, the blossoming of Chapin's roses meant more than having flowers for my desk. It was a gesture to our pris-

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oners—a message of hope. The most arid of spots, filled in with the debris of a century, could be made to produce beauty.

Is any heart hopeless? Men gathered around the garden spots and stood for hours. What did they see there? Life talking to life. God's message to mankind.

But Charles Chapin was a sick man. Our physician reported in 1926 that his heart action was weak, his general condition feeble. Yet Chapin carried on. In the fall, he would trust no one to attend to the beds and their protection against weather. Toward spring he was seeding, sowing, plotting the beds, trimming the trees. And the task he loved was to pick the roses for the hospital and for his daily contribution to the Warden.

Then, in the summer of 1930, a new drainage system for the prison was being installed. New pipes had to be laid. The contractor appeared with his steam shovel to dig the trenches. Everything went down before that iron fury. Rose hedges were annihilated. Chapin looked sorrowfully on this carnage, but he was helpless. I think it affected him deeply, for he was never the same afterward.

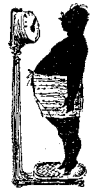
Suddenly he was the helpless invalid, unable to carry on, his burden of life too heavy to bear. I was with him in his final moments.

"Is there anything you want, Charlie?" I asked.

"Nothing," he whispered as he held my hand. "I am tired and want to die."

And after his death, his sealed message to me read: "I desire to be buried by the side of my wife." His will was done.

In Sing Sing, Chapin's province has been reconstructed. Rose hedges again stand guard at its borders. They are living, conscious realities—breathing the spirit and soul of their godfather, Charles Chapin—the Rose Man of Sing Sing.

Facts on  Figures

Some women overlook a man's middle-age bulge if there is also one in his hip pocket.

—R. LeRoy Logan

She's trying to keep her girlish figure—in fact, she's not only kept it, she's doubled it. —Ed Gardner

A girdle is often the only difference between facts and figures.

—Cliff Walters

There's one good thing about being fat—when you step on a scale and drop in a penny to see what you weigh, you sure do get your money's worth. —*Juvenile Jury*

Headline over an article on the local community-fund campaign in a Virginia paper—SQUEEZE BUDGET TO HELP CHEST, WOMEN URGED.

—Neal O'Hara
(*Mc Naught Syndicate, Inc.*)

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ANIMALS AND ANSWERS

Mel Allen drops his role of sports announcer (CBS-TV Wednesday nights) to play quizmaster. Each person below is associated with an animal. Can you match them? Get 20 right, and start your own zoo; 18 right, you can feed the animals; less than 18, you need animal know-how. (Ans. on pg. 132.)

1. Jonah	Dragon
2. St. George	Cheshire Cat
3. Goldilocks	Tiger
4. Pied Piper	Bat
5. Winston Churchill	Whale
6. Lady Godiva	Skylark
7. Noah	Bears
8. William Cody	Rats
9. Romulus and Remus	Lion
10. Lohengrin	Bull
11. Sabu	Cow
12. Eve	Swan
13. Franklin D. Roosevelt	Wolf
14. Ed and Pegeen Fitzgerald	Horse
15. Frank Fay	Dove
16. Mrs. O'Leary	Goat
17. Carmen	Fieldmouse
18. Robinson Crusoe	Golden Calf
19. Robert Burns	Rabbit
20. Daniel (Samson, Androcles)	Snake
21. Moses	Scottie
22. Shelley	Cats
23. Clemenceau	Elephant
24. Alice	Bulldog
25. Adele	Buffalo

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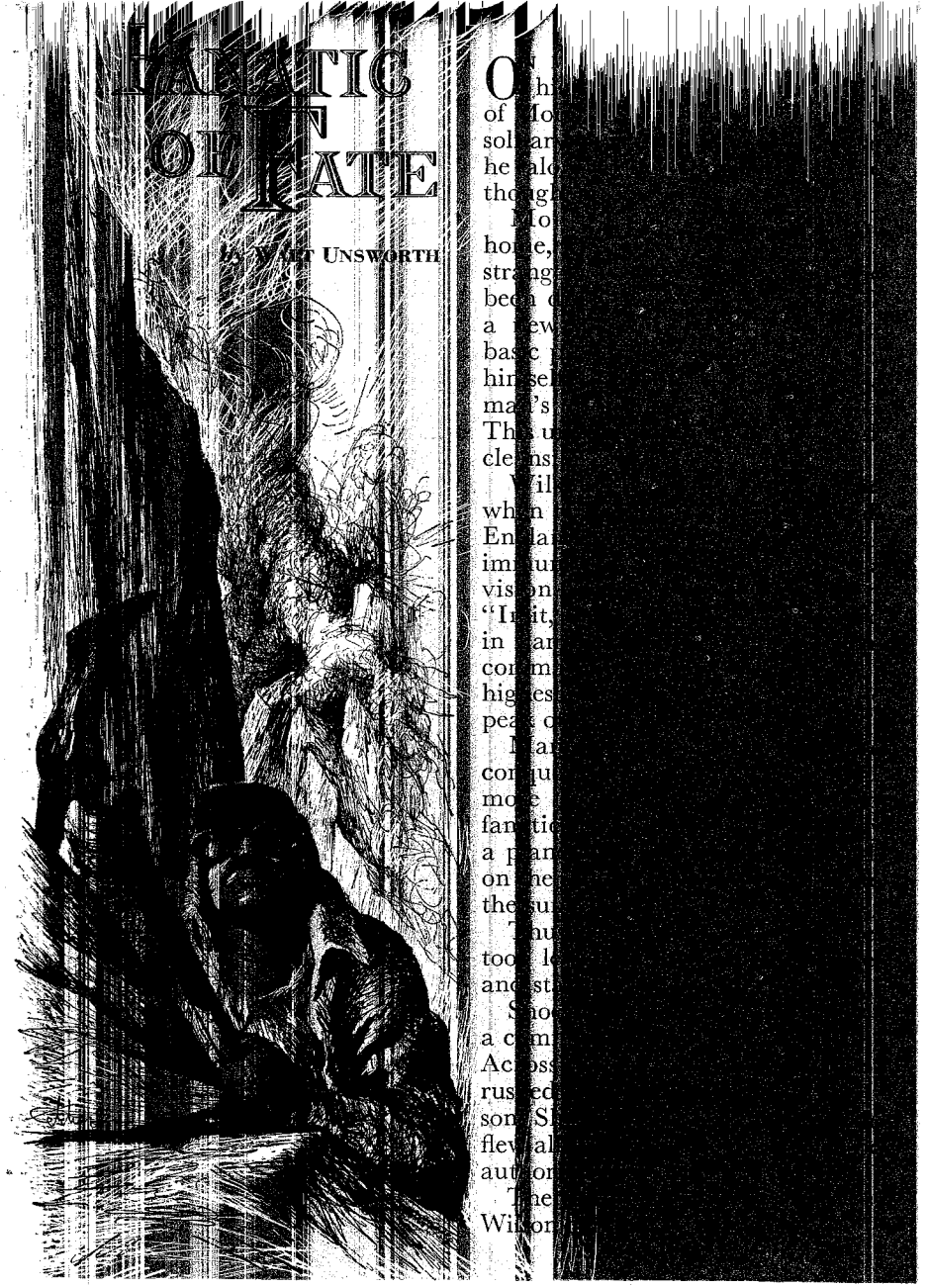
FANATIC OF FATE

By Walt Unsworth



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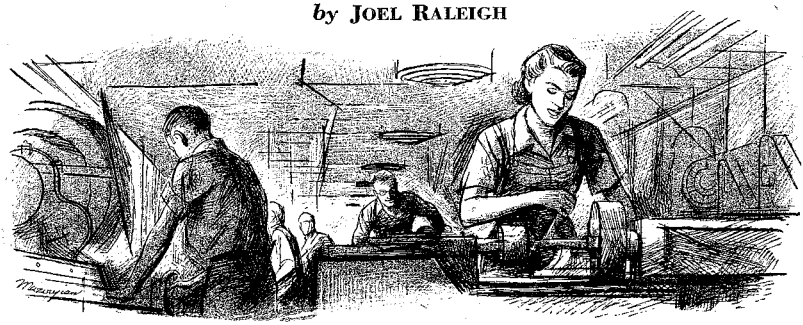
A Tool Shop Built on Inventors' Dreams

by JOEL RALEIGH



Xelphin Dugal is an imaginative man who encourages creative imagination in others

THE PRETTY GIRL held a bundle of sticks under her arm. Smiling shyly, she said: "I've got an idea here I'd like to work on myself. That is, if it's possible."

Zelf waved to the formidable machines in the noisy shop. "Help yourself," he said.

"But where do I begin?" she asked helplessly.

Half an hour later, the young lady, a Manhattan artist, was turning wheels and pushing buttons on a lathe. There was a familiar gleam in her eyes that Zelf often notes in his customers.

For several weeks, she came almost daily to Zelf's machine shop to duplicate carefully each homely stick of her wooden model in sleek metal. Slowly, painstakingly, that gleam was turning into a weird-looking steel skyscraper in miniature, something like a surrealistic mixture of the Empire State and Chrysler buildings.

As time went by, the young artist learned how to use various machines—the vertical millers, the arc welder, the band saw, and the acetylene torch. The skyscraper grew tall—nearly six feet—and took on windows and terraces. She drilled a neat hole in the base and, with electrical wiring, there was a skyscraper that was a lamp! The windows lit up like Manhattan at twilight. And some weeks later, the artist's product made a glamorous debut in a department-store window.

Zelf, whose nickname plainly derives from Xelphin Dugal, runs a

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unique "make-it-yourself" machine shop on New York's Sixth Avenue, in the shadow of real skyscrapers. A man of imagination himself, with many an invention to his credit, Zelf set up his shop almost five years ago to cater to the childhood desire of almost everyone to get that invention off paper and onto metal.

His customers are dentists, lawyers, insurance executives, bankers, draftsmen, retired businessmen, musicians, photographers, teachers, newspapermen, students, and actors. And, of course, professional toolmakers and diemakers who need the specialized machines that are hard to find even in the biggest town of all.

The rates at Zelf's shop range from 25 cents to $1.80 an hour. He trusts his customers implicitly, and they pay as they leave. They may use from two to a dozen machines of an evening, and they break down the time themselves.

For example, a turn on the Monarch Quick-Change Lathe costs $1.80 an hour; the Surface Grinder, $1.00; the Arc Welder, $1.25.

ZELF REALIZED a need for a "make-it-yourself" machine shop even as a boy. He had several inventive ideas for which he had to coax a friendly machinist to make parts. But the parts rarely turned out to his satisfaction because, inventorwise, he jealously guarded their nature for fear of giving away an idea.

At the age of nine he finally persuaded his friend to let him do odd jobs around the shop, just for the privilege of working near the machines. He proved so useful that, at ten, he earned the chance to handle the machines, and a salary, too.

Over the years he became a skilled machinist and a college graduate, and still the inventive ideas kept coming. Early in 1947, after unsuccessfully seeking a shop in New York that would be willing to rent machines to him, he decided to invest his savings in a shop and cater to spare-time inventors.

He opened the shop in June, 1947, with $25,000 worth of equipment. Today he's hoping to move into a new shop five times as big as the present one, with five times as much apparatus.

An incredible number of inventions have cascaded from the shop —everything from toys to surgical instruments, from photographic equipment to a fisherman's fly case that won't spill. There is a device that helps to straighten teeth, a gadget that knots bow ties quickly, a toy television set, and a mechanical aid for housewives and maids who have to turn mattresses.

Zelf's shop is officially open until 11 P.M. six days a week, although, to accommodate his inspired customers, the machines very often clatter on until midnight.

Among his regular customers was a couple from Flushing, N. Y., who, fired by the ambition to own a cabin cruiser, had settled for a surplus World War II PT boat. The boat had been caught on the assembly line, unfinished, by the close of the war. It was a beautiful thing, but little more than a hull. Finally, the owners heard of Zelf's Tool & Die Works, and came seeking advice.

Zelf, who is 43 and a native of Arkansas, advises when he is asked. Otherwise he is tactfully mum. In this case, he was touched.

Almost nightly, they came to

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Zelf's shop to work on essential boat fittings, with Zelf watching over their shoulders to advise. They installed a surplus Diesel engine where the powerful and greedy PT motor would have been. Had they taken the PT boat to a shipyard and paid for conversion to a yacht, it would have cost many thousands of dollars. With the use of Zelf's machinery the total cost was less than the price of a new car.

Many of the men, and most of the women, who come to the shop are neophytes at machining and machines. But Zelf welcomes them. "Even a child who likes machines can learn how to use them in no time," says he, "although it takes many thousands of hours before anyone becomes a master machinist."

Zelf likes to reminisce about some of his more unusual customers. For instance, he tells about the man who came in with a "revolutionary new idea" which would "abolish the need for stenographers."

"A man," the stranger said excitedly, "will dictate and sign a letter, and the machine will automatically type the letter, address the envelope, stamp, seal, and drop it into a mail chute."

Since most inventors are extremely reluctant to talk about their work, Zelf was amazed at this burst of confidence.

"Of course," the man continued, "we'll leave the details up to you!"

Needless to add, nobody ever worked on this "invention" at Zelf's.

"Then we had the accountant with the shooting pencil that looked like a gun. Press the trigger, and bingo, you could get a range of six colors. He got discouraged because he couldn't work out a device to get the lead of the chosen color back into the chamber. I think he was aiming too high."

Zelf himself is still not immune to the inventing bug, but most of his many inventions are technical improvements and attachments for his machines. He has also devised a unique circular calculator which multiplies and divides accurately to the seventh decimal place.

It seems that Zelf, who deals in dreams, is himself a dreamer. When the customers are gone and the lights dim in his Sixth Avenue shop, he turns on his machines and works through the still hours. What does he work on?

"Well, now, inventors are very secretive people," he says in his soft Arkansas accent.

Animals and Answers (Answers to quiz on page 127)

1. Jonah, Whale; 2. St. George, Dragon; 3. Goldilocks, Bears; 4. Pied Piper, Rats; 5. Winston Churchill, Bulldog; 6. Lady Godiva, Horse; 7. Noah, Dove; 8. William Cody, Buffalo; 9. Romulus and Remus, Wolf; 10. Lohengrin, Swan; 11. Sabu, Elephant; 12. Eve, Snake; 13. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Scottie; 14. Ed and Pegeen Fitzgerald, Cats; 15. Frank Fay, Rabbit; 16. Mrs. O'Leary, Cow; 17. Carmen, Bull; 18. Robinson Crusoe, Goat; 19. Robert Burns, Fieldmouse; 20. Daniel (Samson, Androcles), Lion; 21. Moses, Golden Calf; 22. Shelley, Skylark; 23. Clemenceau, Tiger; 24. Alice, Cheshire Cat; 25. Adele, Bat.

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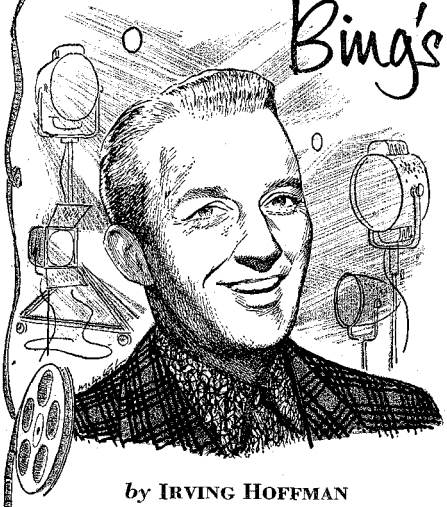
Bing's Big Break



by IRVING HOFFMAN

LATE ONE NIGHT in 1930, a small army of technicians and actors jammed a sound stage at United Artists Studios in Hollywood. Movies had just learned to talk, but this one had to sing as well.

All day, Joseph Schenck and Edmund Goulding, producer and director of *Reaching for the Moon*, had rehearsed Bebe Daniels in a new Irving Berlin song, *When the Folks High-Up Do the Mean Low-Down*. But the jazzy number didn't fit Miss Daniels' cultured coloratura. Take after take was a flop.

"What shall we do?" moaned Schenck, eyeing the mammoth set, the waiting crew, cast, and extras, and mentally adding up their combined salaries. "If we blow this day, we blow $40,000!"

Goulding thought a moment. "I heard three guys sing at the Cocoanut Grove the other night," he said. "I think one of them would be great for this number."

"Get him!" shouted Schenck.

So at 11:30 P.M., a car sped to the Cocoanut Grove night club to bring back an obscure vocalist named Bing Crosby. Thrust into a scene of bedlam, Crosby calmed everyone with the casual confidence that since has become one of his trademarks. In less than an hour, he learned the song, suggested several orchestral changes to fit his style, then announced, "I'm ready."

"Here, put this on," Goulding said, tossing Crosby a sport jacket. "Now just stand over there and let's try it."

The next few minutes amazed the moviemakers. They rehearsed the song and the scene, and filmed it in a single, perfect "take." Finished, Crosby put on his own jacket and began to leave.

"Wait a minute," Goulding said. He reached into his pocket and handed Crosby a crumpled bill. "Thanks, Bing."

"A pleasure," drawled the unknown crooner.

Driving home later, Goulding turned to Schenck.

"By the way, Joe," he said, "you owe me some money."

"What for?" asked Schenck.

"That Crosby guy," said Goulding. "I gave him a hundred bucks."

Thus, Bing Crosby started on his first motion picture—and his first million dollars.

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Scranton's Maid of Honor

by JOHN BARKHAM

By "doing her job" in a time of crisis, Betty Barbour displayed a high degree of heroism and won an entire city's acclaim

FOR THE CITY of Scranton, Pennsylvania, the night of January 28, 1951, will cast long memories. It was on that night that lucky chance and a heroic chambermaid between them saved the city from a hotel fire that might have matched the horror of Atlanta's Winecoff Hotel fire.

It was stormy, that night of January 28. A freezing wind howled in from the north, coating the streets with snow and sleet. Inside the four-story Earle Hotel, a landmark for many years, 76 guests slept peacefully, oblivious to the storm.

At 4:20 A.M., Patrolman Joseph Waltos stamped into the lobby, his face streaming with rain, for a routine look around. In a corner near the restaurant, he smelled smoke. At the same moment two radio patrolmen, who had stopped their car outside, strode in for a cup of coffee.

"Fire!" yelled Waltos as smoke billowed up into the lobby. Swiftly, the cops and manager Richard Charette roused Charette's wife and a 22-year-old chambermaid named Betty Barbour, all of whom slept on the third floor.

Betty was a chunky, good-looking girl who had never faced personal danger before, but who knew how to keep her head. In a flash she had grabbed the nearest clothes, the skirt and jacket of a suit, and dashed into the hall.

Dense, acrid smoke filled the corridors as the blaze ate deeply into the old building. Downstairs, the policemen and the manager were banging on doors to arouse guests. Outside, in the driving sleet, the firemen were having trouble using ice-encrusted equipment.

From door to door on the third floor ran Betty Barbour, yelling to the guests to get out. Most of the awakened sleepers were men, who found their way to the stairs without aid. But some of the women needed help, and Betty guided them through the choking smoke.

From the third floor she raced to the second, to do the same there. In the corridor she almost knocked over Dan Kelly, aged invalid who went around on crutches. Realizing he could never hobble out of the blazing building, Kelly was shouting desperately for the elevator.

The old man's cries went unheeded as terrified guests stumbled

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past him through the smoke. It was Betty Barbour who took the old man by the arm and led him to the elevator. Opening the gates, she helped him in and called to others in the corridor to come down, too. Then, as though she were handling a party of dinner guests, she coolly took the elevator down.

Having done it once, Betty did it again. Now she could hear the flames crackling, and it was becoming difficult to breathe.

She made many trips that night, the elevator empty going up, crowded coming down. No one knows just how many passengers she brought out of the inferno.

The tenth time the police stopped her and ordered her from the car. Not long after the last guest was helped out, the roof collapsed in a fiery crescendo.

Few among the onlookers who witnessed the spectacle knew that the bedraggled, smoke-stained girl shivering on the sidewalk had been the heroine of the fire. Now, as she watched the hotel being gutted, Betty Barbour felt emotion for the first time. The only home she had known for two years, with all her possessions and perhaps her job, had gone up in smoke.

But Scranton did not forget its courageous chambermaid. Next day her story was splashed across page one of the city's newspapers. A department store outfitted her with new clothes from head to foot. Blonde and smiling, the good-looking girl who chose a gray ensemble was hardly recognizable as the girl who had run an elevator in a four-story oven.

Honors rained in on the Scranton maid; radio stations told and retold her story. But praise didn't turn her head any more than peril had done. When a grateful executive of the Milner hotel chain, which owned the Earle, presented Betty with a $500 check and asked what else he could do for her, she answered simply:

"I only did what others were doing too. All I want is to keep working at my job."

Food for Thought

A YOUNG BRIDE, observing with a heavy heart that her husband was not greeting her with honeymoon ardor when he came home at night, in fear and trembling consulted a fortuneteller. After a few elaborate passes over her crystal ball, the seeress suggested the following spell:

"Get a raw piece of beef, cut flat and about an inch thick. Slice an onion in two and rub the meat on both sides with it. Put on salt and pepper, and roast on each side over a red coal fire. Drop on it three lumps of butter and two sprigs of parsley and get your husband to eat it."

The charm had such a magical effect that she made it a regular household ritual. And the young couple lived happily ever after.

—PHILIP MUIR

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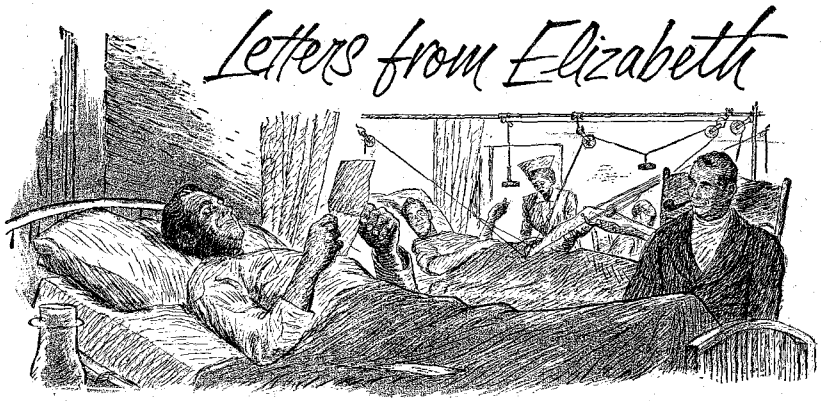
Letters from Elizabeth



by JOHN MARTIN, *as told to* JIM KJELGAARD

Nobody knew the mysterious lady, but her gay notes transformed a hospital ward

HOSPITALS ARE wonderful places, but nobody except a hypochondriac likes the idea of going there. Still less does he like to stay long.

In my case, however, there just wasn't any other way. I had a bad back which suddenly became worse. Surgery was essential, and the doctor told me to expect a minimum of six months in a cast.

My wife and I decided that she would take the two children and live with her parents until I was able to work again. Meanwhile she would get her old job back.

If my wife was working, the youngsters would keep her hands full almost every spare moment. So I told her I wouldn't expect frequent visits.

At first the hospital was not too bad. In my 11-bed ward, everybody was in for a long stretch. Al Garsten on my left had been messed up in an auto accident, and Pete Longueil, on my right, had a broken back. All the other men had something or other that would keep them down for a long time.

In spite of this they were not moody: there was plenty of wisecracking and the nurses were wonderful. But I think it is against human nature to face such a situation with a constant smile and unwavering patience. You have to be down some time, and when this happens you are way down.

Finally the day came when the hospital itself began to work on my feelings. I was flat on my back and in a cast. Reading, the radio, and everything else had palled. There was nothing to do except lie there and think, and I managed to think myself into one of the bluest funks I've ever known.

If only I could get out of bed, I decided, I would happily trade all the life remaining to me for just one day of walking around. I wanted to see people driving in automo-

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biles, and going in and out of stores. Little things that used to be insignificant, like hopping on a bus or eating in a cafeteria, suddenly took on tremendous importance. The months ahead loomed darkly like decades, and sudden death seemed the best way out.

Then the nurse came with mail and said, "Letter for you, John."

I wasn't too interested because, so far, my mail had consisted mostly of formula get-well cards. Then I looked closely at the letter.

It was a square blue envelope, addressed in a feminine hand and with a return address in the corner. Elizabeth Carr was the name written there, and for a while I wondered who she might be. Certainly I didn't know her; perhaps she was one of my wife's friends. I opened the envelope and took out ten pages of closely written script.

"Hello, John Martin," it said. "It's your turn to be bored now, and if you want to know how I got your address, that's my secret! I do know that you can't get away, and I feel that I must tell some helpless soul all about my trip to the Grand Canyon."

It was a chatty, friendly letter, but it had something else, too. Certainly it had not been written by some nice but misguided soul who was bending over backwards to bring sunshine into an invalid's life. Elizabeth Carr, whoever she was, knew how I felt and what I wanted, and she gave it to me.

She told of the Bright Angel Trail, and of the pack mules that traveled it. She spoke of gorgeous, changing colors, of cloud banks riding the canyon's rim, of limitless depth and distance. She took me from my bed into the Grand Canyon, and ended on this note:

"Well, hi-ho, and I'm off for Maine. But now that I have a victim, I'll write to him again."

I stopped feeling sorry for myself and read the letter again. Then I gave the letter to Garsten, who read it twice and passed it on. It must have been two hours later when the letter, all rumpled, came back to me through Pete Longueil.

Somehow, though the letter was addressed to me, it had been written by a person of such understanding and feeling that each man could almost believe it had been written especially for him. We stopped thinking of our troubles and started thinking of the Grand Canyon and Elizabeth Carr.

By this time the letter had been read and reread so many times that it was literally in shreds. We talked about Elizabeth Carr a great deal, wondered what she was doing now, and decided that she must have plenty of money to be able to travel all the time.

Nobody believed me when I said I didn't know who she was, but I think nobody cared very much. Each of us felt that he had found a vivacious, sparkling new friend.

ABOUT A MONTH LATER, another letter came. It told us all about Maine; of an ocean sweeping in upon a sandy beach. It spoke of lobster pots, wonderful seafood, and dark forests. We learned of trout breaking water in isolated lakes, of moose and deer coming to drink, of soaring waterfowl. She actually took us to Maine.

The letter touched us where we most wanted to be touched. It was

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a friendly hand reaching out to men who had few friends.

We made a game of imagining what Elizabeth Carr looked like. Invariably I thought of her as a beautiful, willowy brunette, with a silken scarf carelessly tied around wind-blown hair. All the other men wound their own secret dreams about her, too, and she became the sweetheart of the entire ward. Her future letters, in which she told vividly of visiting Yosemite, Yellowstone, the Southwest, and Mexico, became the most eagerly awaited events in our ward.

I know that all of us loved her for what she did for us.

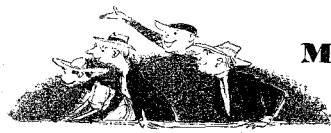
Finally came the day when they took off my cast. The doctors prodded my back, told me to walk, then said I could go home. It was a dream come true.

If you think the world is workaday, dull, and uninteresting, try staying out of it for six months. I returned to my job, and my family was all set again. But there was something I had to do.

At the first opportunity, I went to see Elizabeth Carr. I wanted to meet her, and to tell her how much her letters had meant to us. Her mother answered the door, said certainly I could see Elizabeth, and took me to her room.

She was reading a travel book, but when I went in she put it down and smiled a welcome. I found out then how she had learned my name and address. One of the nurses in our ward visited her regularly.

Elizabeth Carr was a 16-year-old polio victim. Though since recovered, she hadn't been out of her room at that time for four years.



Marquee Mishaps

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—John Whalen

A California theater manager came up with this combination—

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—Mrs. J. F. Sherman

Seen on a New York marquee—

THE AWFUL TRUTH
YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU

—Paul Steiner

A West Coast double billing read this way—

THE GROOM WORE SPURS
OPERATION DISASTER

—Gene Nelson

These two features appeared simultaneously at a Manhattan theater—

HANDCUFFED
ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN

—Joan Adelstein

Seen on a Los Angeles marquee—

THE GUY WHO CAME BACK
HE RAN ALL THE WAY

—Mary Forrette

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HUMPHREY BOGART Tells the Truth About HEPBURN

by HUMPHREY BOGART

Take it from one who knows, stardom didn't make her the "character" she is—she was born that way

SOMEONE WHOSE NAME escapes me for the moment once said: "If you ever find a genuine eccentric, don't lose him—an honest screwball is more fun than a house full of squares."

When you meet Katharine Hepburn for the first time you wonder whether the man was pulling your leg—or is she pulling it? Here is either a 24-karat left-threaded nut or a great actress working mighty hard at being one.

You wait for the laughs he promised, but you can't stand the dame. She won't let anybody else get a word in sideways and keeps reiterating what a superior person she is. You begin to feel naked without your striped pants. Are you expected to kiss the hem of her skirt, or just fall on your face in the dirt?

Later you get a load of the babe stalking through an African jungle as though she had beaten Livingstone to it. Her shirt tail is carefully torn for casual effect and is flapping out of her jeans. She pounces on the flora and fauna with a home movie camera like a kid going to his first Christmas tree, and she blunders within ten feet of a wild boar's tusks for a close-up of the beast.

About every other minute she wrings her hands in ecstasy and says, "What divine natives! What divine morning-glories!" Brother! Your brows go up. The divine natives could stand a bath and the divine morning-glories are pale from lack of sun.

The Hepburn mood sounds familiar. You know that scenarists used to write a little of Katie into her scripts, and you begin to wonder if this is the dame herself, or something from *Philadelphia Story*. There she goes lugging her make-up box and precious ten-foot mirror

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through the African bush. An electrician gives you an elbow and whispers, "Yesterday she climbed over the wall of the native king's palace at Entebbe. His gardens are 'divine.' The guards threw her out."

They might have shot her, too, because Africans don't know a Hollywood film star from any other nosy white woman.

My clinical studies of Katharine Hepburn began last year when Director John Huston and I called on her in Hollywood. We were pooling our time and folding money to film *The African Queen*, with S. P. Eagle and United Artists. It's the C.S. Forester story about the Belgian Congo and Uganda, and we wanted someone of her talents to play an English missionary who persuades a river-rat boatman to take her out of German territory in World War I.

Usually Hollywood sends characters like Clark Gable and Lana Turner down moonlit rivers, but our story was going to be gutty and different. The missionary is not beyond using certain charms on the lug. He falls for her and vice versa, and together they sink a German boat. Since the picture was going to be an expensive safari filmed in Technicolor, we figured we could use someone of Katie's Dun and Bradstreet rating, too.

We went to see her, entertaining righteous skepticism. We had heard the stories about her. How she drove hard Yankee bargains with producers—once nicked R-K-O $10,000 for an hour's overtime to teach the studio to observe the work deadline in its contracts. It was said that Hollywood was only a necessary financial evil to her, her real interests being the stage and her home in Connecticut; that she wouldn't sign autographs for film fans and detested publicity.

We knew, too, that she had been fired from three plays some years ago because she tried to direct them, and today insists on editing and cutting her films. If she chose, she could be difficult.

Then there was the zany side, which we figured threw the lie at her shy, publicity-hating nature. Like the five baths a day she took because, she said, they helped her think; like the story that she couldn't sit without propping her slack-clad legs almost as high as her head. She'd say "yab" for yes, "rally" for really; sweetened tea with strawberry jam; shined her freckled face with rubbing alcohol; wouldn't use make-up except on her lips, or wear stockings; and had never used jewelry or perfume.

No dame in the world could look that colorful, we figured, without press agents wracking their brains for yarns about her.

HUSTON AND I found her living in a big, hidden house on a hill which I'll bet she hadn't left for two months. She said she never goes out to eat. "I get nervous indigestion and have to lie down after eating restaurant food."

In ten minutes and several thousand words, Katie convinced us of our wisdom in coming to her. She liked the part in *The African Queen*, would be happy to invest in the film, but regarded us as a couple of disgusting old men who were badly in need of her guidance.

It was early in the morning, and John and I were a little baggy and red-eyed from a hard night

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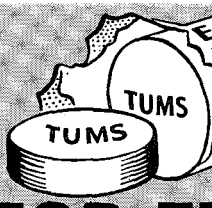

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over a pot of tea. We wondered out loud if she had anything that would open a man's eyes. Sweetly misunderstanding, she fixed coffee.

"You two fellows pull yourselves together now, and we'll have a grand picture," she said, pouring. This seemed advisable because, we found, even a minor suggestion to Katie could turn into a ringing debate, and a mere man had to be sharp to hold his own. *The African Queen* script called for the dame to throw the guy's liquor overboard, but this character threatened to keep acting offstage.

A few months later I said to her: "You know, Katie, a year from now you're going to be telling people how you picked us bums up by the bootstraps and made us amount to something." She didn't deny it—just grinned.

African scenes in which we splash around in the water we shot in a London studio because the Congo blend is worse than most. Not only is it unfit to drink, but it has bugs which will kill you quicker than a pistol. In London, Katie made pretty fair newspaper headlines for a dame who hates publicity.

"Plain women know most about men—beautiful ones are too busy being pretty," she opined. Since she works at trying to look like a crow, a man can only assume she knows. Her crack recalled a crazier one attributed to her some years ago. Asked if she had any children, she said, "Yab, five. Three colored."

Reminded of that, she says she doesn't "care what's written about me as long as it's not true. If it's true, people will think I had a hand in it." Then she confesses that right now she's writing her biography—doing it herself because she likes to write—and John quiets her for an hour by saying, "For posthumous publication, I presume?"

While John and I went to the London pubs of an evening—to play darts—Katie prowled attics and museums for old-fashioned missionary clothes. Everything had to be authentic or she wouldn't have it—just like the Katie who once danced barefoot over Bryn Mawr's graveled walks rather than play Pandora in the May Day Festival with shoes on.

"You go on, Humphrey," she said. "I'm getting costumes for everyone."

We let her do it because, we learned, she has to feel she's taking care of everybody. She sent trunks full of things we never wore.

In Rome, we saw that her fear of reporters was genuine. When we arrived at the airport to take off for Africa, it looked like a Grauman premiere with klieg lights, newsreels, photographers, and reporters. She took one look at a gantlet of poised pencils and pads and broke into a cold sweat. Her hands were dripping wet. She bribed an airport employee to smuggle her around the back and into the plane, where she locked herself in the women's room until we took off.

ALTHOUGH KATIE had been in a slew of pictures the past 20 years, she had never been on a rugged location trip. She'd been pampered around the studios in proper pictures like *Little Women* and *The Little Minister*.

The first day on location in Africa, she acted like she was still on the M-G-M lot. First she demanded a private dressing room. Then a full-

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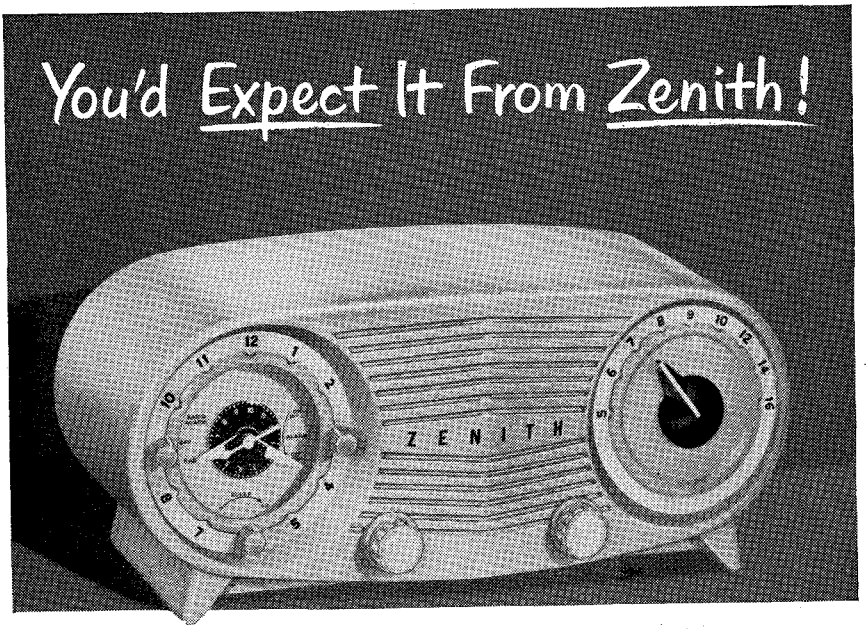

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length mirror. I thought, God, this woman! Here we are a million miles from nowhere, sleeping in bamboo huts, and she wants her studio dressing room with ankle-deep rugs and a star on the door.

There'd be hell to pay. Now we'd see some of the bullheaded girl who purposely ran into a tree when she was ten years old to prove she was tough; who almost missed her screen career by demanding $1,500 a week at the start when she was making only $79.50 on the stage; who outsmarted Louis B. Mayer to sell him Ring Lardner, Jr.'s and Mike Kanin's *Woman of the Year* for a reported $100,000 by refusing to tell him the names of the authors he could have hired all year for $5,000; and who demanded the role of Scarlett O'Hara in *Gone With the Wind* on the grounds that "I *am* Scarlett O'Hara."

To keep her happy, we rigged up a sort of Chic Sale dressing shack, floated it on oil drums, and towed it upstream to location every morning and back again every night. It was a clumsy, yawing barge which took a good two hours to drag each way. But Katie waited on the bank for her dressing room before she'd start work.

The full-length mirror was less trouble. Prop men beat the bushes for any odd pieces of mirror glass they could find, and patched together a ten-footer on a packing-crate frame. It must have weighed 50 pounds, but she lugged it around herself every time we moved.

I'd heard that Katie always kept her guard up, expecting a fight, while staying nice on the surface. She once called this "the usual preliminary before hitting someone over the head." But if no one swings at her, it throws her.

After a week in the jungle she saw we weren't going to fight her. She got downright chummy. She began dressing behind any old bush and looking into the dark water to see if her lipstick was on straight. She stopped lugging the mirror around, and began helping electricians and prop men move their equipment.

Her bamboo hut turned into a cozy nest, as she put up little doodads which she talked the natives out of. Among other things it was equipped with gourds, flowers, native drums, four spears, and bows and arrows. She once went elephant hunting with John, serving as gun bearer, and found everything too divine for my peace of mind.

While I was griping about the food, the bugs, the beds, the heat, and everything else, Katie suddenly was in her glory. She couldn't pass a fern or berry without wanting to know its pedigree, and insisted on getting the Latin name of everything she saw walking, swimming, flying, or crawling. I wanted to cut short our ten-week schedule, but the way she was wallowing in the stinking hole, we'd be there for years.

Just as I was putting her down as a deep-dyed phony, I remembered what the man said about odd characters. Maybe this was the real Katharine Hepburn.

A few days later she confirmed this. She wanted help. She was looking everywhere for a bamboo forest and couldn't find one.

"Why? So I can find out what it's like to sit in one, Humphrey," she said in hurt tones that criticized you for not knowing.

I didn't laugh. She was serious. I

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wondered what it'd be like myself. After all, how many white men have ever sat in a bamboo forest in the middle of Africa?

I fell in love with the character. And it was okay with the Bacall babe, for she had fallen, too.

So what do we do? We find the bamboo primeval and get a kick out of Katie's frolic in it. Now we believed the story about her shaving her head until she was 12, and bathing in a campus fountain, and rolling herself dry—dog fashion—in the grass. For she's the real goods.

We start treating her the way she wants to be treated. You don't get a chair for her. You say, "Katie, fetch me a chair and pull up one for yourself." You see her loaded down with her own equipment going through the underbrush, and you ask her, for laughs, to carry your make-up kit. Darned if she doesn't without thinking anything of it.

If you're wrong in suspecting that she would have liked to have been a boy, you at least know she resents femininity, has no patience with weakness in either sex. You chalk this up as a hangover from her childhood, when she used to stand on street corners with her mother, an iron-clawed suffragist, hawking balloons on which were printed "Votes for Women."

But you are mixed up. In the $800 dresses she treats as rags, no one is sexier than Katie, especially before a movie camera, and you remember she has legs like Dietrich's. The 20 years since you saw them on the stage in *The Warrior's Husband* haven't hurt them at all. You brand as rank slander the crack that you can throw a hat at Katie and it'll hang wherever it hits.

Although she's convinced she can do anything as well as a man, you never feel she's "leading" you before the camera. After all my years in the movies, I'm used to dames who like their close-ups big, soft-lighted, and frequent. But Katie even suggested once that only the back of her neck be shot in a scene where I'm talking.

Before going into a scene, Katie's face is drawn, as in pain, but when the camera starts rolling it glows with that under-the-skin light that audiences know so well.

We seldom learned our lines for *The African Queen*. Instead we just got the general idea and talked each scene out, overlapping one another, cutting one another off, as people do in everyday conversation.

Katie always kept referring to the missionary character as "this woman." I'd say, "Katie, it's *you*. You've got a lot of missionary in you. You're always trying to cure the world's ills."

And she is. She has a personal solution for every problem on earth, including addiction to drink. She'll lecture against alcohol by the hour. People I know who use it needled her into taking the soapbox by deliberately giving her wrong answers as to why they do.

Coming home from Africa, she made the rest of us feel like tired old men. She rented a messenger's bicycle at Shannon airport during a six-hour layover and pedaled over the Irish countryside.

Muscles she has. When she was a kid she says she earned her spending money shoveling snow off sidewalks. Today she swings a golf club as well as a man, although she can't putt, and once was runner-up for

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the Connecticut Women's Golf Championship.

Nothing wrong with her tennis, her swimming, and her figure-skating either, and she's proud of her air-pilot's license. One thing she can't do, though, is take home movies. The thousand-odd feet of film she exposed on location in Africa she screened for the crew. Not ten feet of it was in focus.

KATIE WAS BORN in Hartford, the daughter of Dr. Thomas N. Hepburn, a surgeon, and Katharine Houghton of the Boston Houghtons. She's justified in bragging about them. The good doctor pioneered in bringing venereal disease into the open a good 20 years before the public-health experts tackled the problem. He induced Dr. Charles Eliot, president emeritus of Harvard, to help him form the American Social Hygiene Association.

Katie's mother was a prominent screamer for women's suffrage and birth control that she didn't practice herself. There were eight rugged individualists in the Hepburn family—Mama, Papa, Tom, Kate, Richard, Robert, Marion, and Peggy. Their middle names? Every last one of them "Houghton."

"We were treated as people with rights, not as children," Katie recalls. "We were never asked to leave the room when our parents were discussing things the neighbors wouldn't even think about."

In adolescence, Katie made a sudden about-face. Where she had been a tomboy extrovert, she became a brooding introvert. Her parents took her out of school and gave her a private tutor, but this only made her shyer than ever.

She didn't snap out of it until her second year at Bryn Mawr, when she decided she wanted to become an actress and had to improve her grades to be eligible for a chance at school dramatics.

In her senior year she borrowed money to go to Baltimore and haunt Producer Edwin H. Knopf for a job. Unable to get her out of his hair, Knopf sent her to Frances Robinson-Duff, a well-known dramatic coach who had taken the ham out of a lot of famous actors before she tackled Katie's cellophane-wrapped brand. Miss Robinson complained that her new pupil was an eager, but wooden, beaver who thought she was pretty good.

Brash confidence in herself landed her a part in *The Big Pond*, but audiences laughed at, not with, her and she got bounced. She understudied Hope Williams and was thrown out of a Jane Cowl play because she spoke her mind too often. Miss Cowl got her rehired and critics praised her.

She lost a part in *The Animal Kingdom* because she was too tall (5 feet 7) to play opposite Leslie Howard—which reminds us of Spencer Tracy's classic squelch when Katie suggested she might be too tall for him. "I'll cut you down to size," quoth Tracy. But no one ever has in my opinion, not even the accomplished Spence.

In 1928, Katie married Ogden Ludlow Smith and divorced him in 1934. Sculptor Robert McKnight tells a story of intending to propose to her once at a picnic, but she never stopped talking long enough for him to get around to it. McKnight later committed her brassy noggin to bronze—mouth

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half-open—and exhibited it at the Carnegie Exhibition in 1940.

Katie's Hollywood success was on-again-off-again despite early coaching by John Barrymore, who liked her on sight. Seems he thought that her red eyes, caused by cinders from the train she came on, got that way from a hangover. He patiently helped her through her first film, *Bill of Divorcement*, in 1932.

Even then Hollywood wondered if it had a crackpot on its hands. She showed up at the studio every morning in a rattling station wagon and wearing greasy mechanic's coveralls. Her first film was good, but her next, *Christopher Strong*, smelled. Katie came back with *Morning Glory* to win an Oscar. Twelve pictures later, critics were calling her everything from affected to box-office poison.

That was in 1938. Katie took a powder. Back on Broadway she got a chance to do *The Philadelphia Story*. She thought it looked like a hit and, smart businesswoman that she is, bought a piece of it. It ran 52 weeks. M-G-M bought it and her, and she made critics eat their words. The picture won her an Academy nomination and established her as one of Hollywood's top stars.

But stardom didn't make her the odd character she is. She was born that way. She's fun. And you never want to lose her.

Nuptial Capers

IN THE CROWDED little office of the justice of the peace a wedding ceremony was being performed. The bride appeared sweetly calm and cheerful, but the groom was pale and shaken and obviously in a bad way. Between apprehensive glances over his shoulder, he appeared to be trying to swallow his Adam's apple.

When it came time for the unhappy man to say, "I do," he shuddered and hesitated. Whereupon the justice of the peace, perceiving the difficulty with a certainty born of long experience, leaned over toward the future mother-in-law and discreetly whispered, "Will you kindly step back a little, Madam?"

—ADRIAN ANDERSON

COMIC DANNY THOMAS recalls that when he was first married he didn't earn very much money and tried to make it up to his wife by serving her breakfast in bed. "And it wasn't easy," he says. "She lived at the YWCA." —NBC

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- ☐ *Montreal, Quebec*
- ☐ Jasper Park
- ☐ Banff-Lake Louise
- ☐ Ottawa, Ontario
- ☐ Quebec City

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- ☐ Mexico City, Mexico
- ☐ Mexican Bullfight
- ☐ Guatemala City
- ☐ Island of Bermuda
- ☐ *Havana, Cuba*
- ☐ Santiago, Chile
- ☐ Rio De Janeiro, Brazil

EUROPE
- ☐ London, England
- ☐ Paris, France
- ☐ Tipperary, Ireland
- ☐ Vatican State
- ☐ Rome, Italy
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- ☐ Cairo, Egypt
- ☐ *Pyramids and Sphinx*
- ☐ Taj Mahal, India
- ☐ Natives of Zululand
- ☐ Capetown, Africa
- ☐ Hong Kong, China

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- ☐ Jerusalem, Palestine
- ☐ Damascus, Syria
- ☐ Bethlehem, Palestine

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- ☐ Sydney, Australia
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- ☐ Bugs Bunny
- ☐ Tom and Jerry
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- ☐ Aladdin's Lamp (2 Reels)
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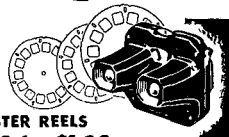

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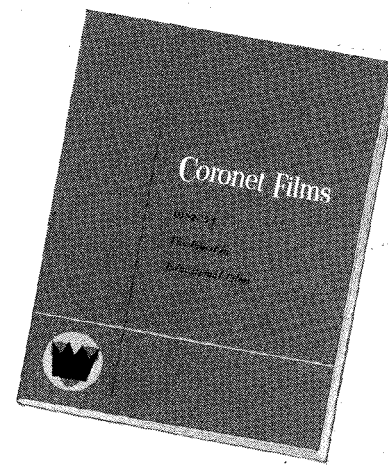

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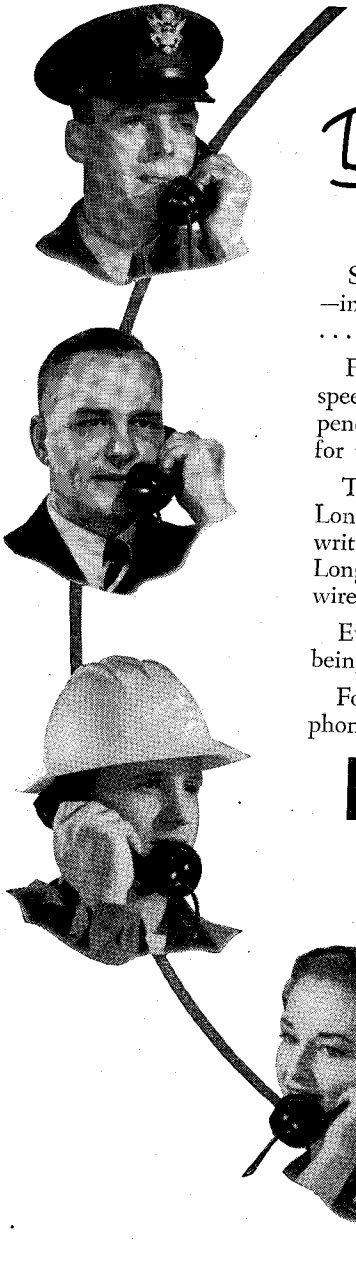

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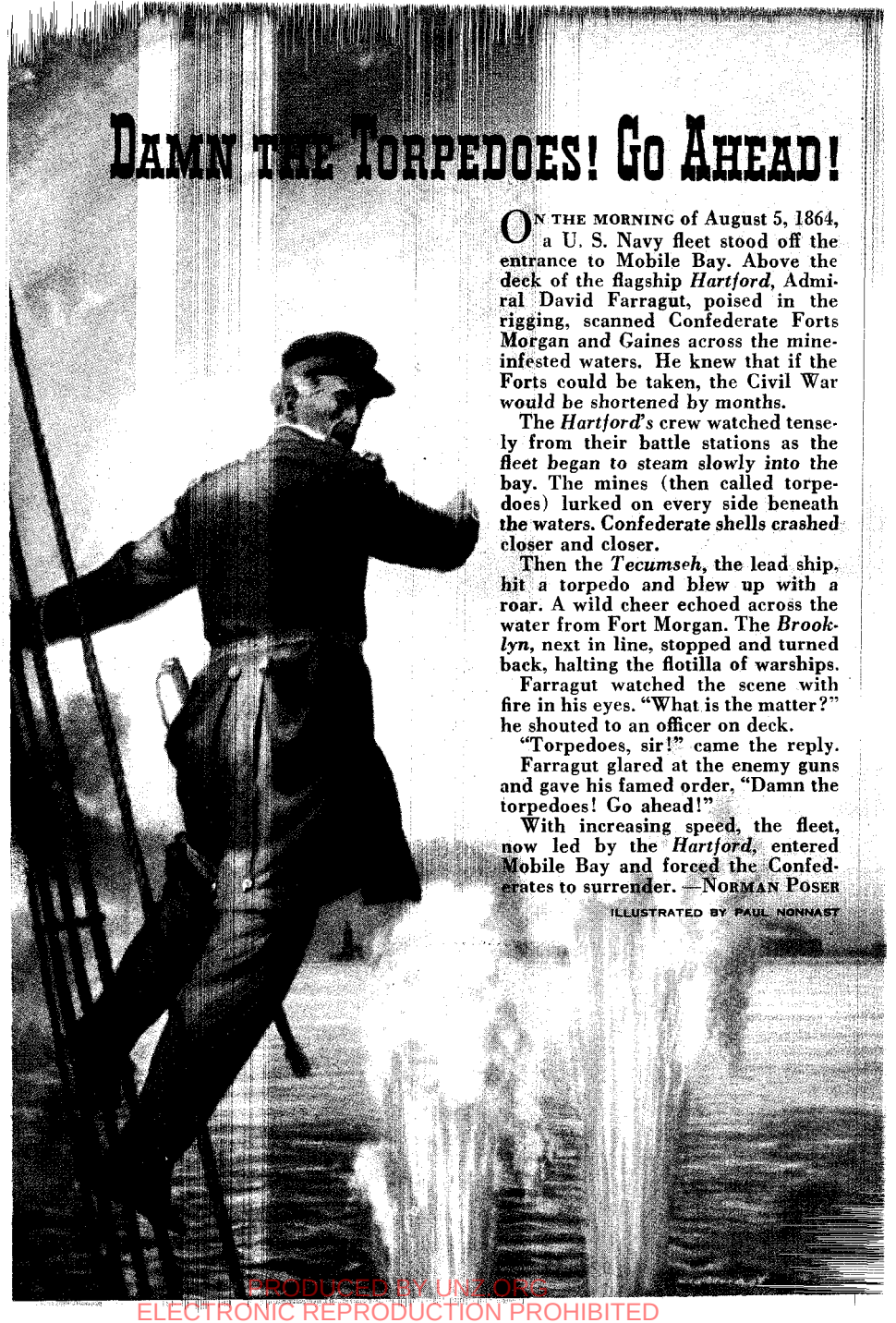
Damn the Torpedoes! Go Ahead!



On the morning of August 5, 1864, a U. S. Navy fleet stood off the entrance to Mobile Bay. Above the deck of the flagship *Hartford*, Admiral David Farragut, poised in the rigging, scanned Confederate Forts Morgan and Gaines across the mine-infested waters. He knew that if the Forts could be taken, the Civil War would be shortened by months.

The *Hartford*'s crew watched tensely from their battle stations as the fleet began to steam slowly into the bay. The mines (then called torpedoes) lurked on every side beneath the waters. Confederate shells crashed closer and closer.

Then the *Tecumseh*, the lead ship, hit a torpedo and blew up with a roar. A wild cheer echoed across the water from Fort Morgan. The *Brooklyn*, next in line, stopped and turned back, halting the flotilla of warships.

Farragut watched the scene with fire in his eyes. "What is the matter?" he shouted to an officer on deck.

"Torpedoes, sir!" came the reply.

Farragut glared at the enemy guns and gave his famed order, "Damn the torpedoes! Go ahead!"

With increasing speed, the fleet, now led by the *Hartford*, entered Mobile Bay and forced the Confederates to surrender. —Norman Poser

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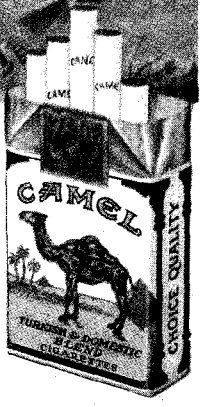

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